



A MONTHLY MAGAZINE FOR LOVERS OF GOOD READING

20 cents

Contents

Stories: Africa May	135
Lyrics: in Memory	145
Spenser: April	161
Portraits of the House of Commons	207
and Wives and Husbands: C. C.	217
Shakespeare: in the House	235
Irish: in the House	255
Pro-Martin: in the House	262
James: in the House	283
The Humbling of a Prince	300
On Carelessness	312
On Water	313
Biblical: Problem	319
The Unmarried Class	327
Thought for the Month	340
Portrait of Christ	357
Sidelights	405
Catholic Anecdotes	508
Poisoned Paragraphs	605
Literary	615
Book-Lovers' Department	616
Lucid Intervals	620

MAY, 1949

\$1.00 Per Year
\$2.75 in Canada

Vol. XXXIV
No. 5



MAY, 1949

THE Liguorian

a magazine for the lovers of good reading



Devoted to the Unchangeable Principles of Truth, Justice, Democracy and Religion, and to All That Brings Happiness to Human Beings

Mistakes About Mary

Here are the ten major mistakes that keep evangelical Protestants from honoring the Mother of Christ. Every Catholic should know what they are; every Protestant should learn why they are wrong.

D. F. Miller

IF YOU are a Catholic, and have had any contact or experience with evangelical Protestants, you have often wondered how it is possible for the latter to hold the position they do on the place of Mary, the Mother of Christ, in the plan of salvation outlined by the Redeemer. That position is so completely contradictory of the Catholic stand, so uncompromising and extreme in its opposition to paying any honor to Mary, that it cries for some kind of an explanation.

If you are an evangelical Protestant, the same consciousness of contradiction between yourself and Catholics on this one point must frequently arouse the curiosity of your mind. You cannot, if you are normal, just ignore the centuries old Catholic position, never wondering why you are so far removed from it. The subject pleads for exploration by your mind.

Both for the Catholic who wonders and the non-Catholic who is mystified, by this situation, here is an explanation. It consists of the ten major arguments that Protestants have used throughout their rather brief history for not paying any attention to the Mother of Christ, and of the statement of those elements in the arguments that are contrary

to fact or truth. The arguments are not made up; they are taken from Protestant tracts, pamphlets, sermons and books, and from actual Protestants who have presented them to the writer. Not all of them have been used by all Protestants, but wherever there is opposition to the honoring of Mary, some of these arguments will be found. The point that they are based on untruths or on statements that are contrary to fact, must not be taken as a sign of bad will on the part of those who use the arguments; they have been handed down for so many generations as demonstrated truths that there are many persons alive who have never had a chance to check them against the facts. Here then are the arguments, followed by an explanation of where they are contrary to fact or truth.

1. *Adoration is due only to God. Catholics fail against this basic principle of religion by adoring the Virgin Mary, either in principle or in practice.*

One entire Protestant pamphlet before us is dedicated to the task of proving that Catholics adore the Virgin Mary. Here are the facts: All Catholics agree without reservation that adoration may be given only to God. In fact,

by their very definition of adoration they make it impossible or ridiculous to consider giving adoration to anyone but God. They define adoration as an act whereby a creature recognizes and asserts the supreme authority and the infinite perfections of his Creator, and the creature's obligation of submission and obedience to Him. To adore any person or thing other than God alone constitutes the sin of idolatry. Catholics know that the Mother of Christ is a creature, like themselves brought out of nothing into being by God, and that to adore her in word or in action would be gravely contrary to the first commandment.

2. *St. Paul states in Timothy, 2:5, that "there is only one mediator between God and men, Jesus Christ, who . . . gave himself as a ransom for them all." Catholics look upon the Virgin Mary as a mediator between God and men, and say that she can save those who pray to her. This is clearly contrary to the teaching of the Bible.*

Here are the facts: Catholics accept the full and exact meaning of the words of St. Paul, that Jesus Christ is the only mediator who could have redeemed the human race, and that without His sacrifice on the cross, no prayers, sufferings or "mediation" on the part of anyone else could have brought salvation to any human being. Once this is established, it is clearly not wrong to use the word "mediator" in a secondary sense, as signifying anyone who prays for another with full dependence on the merits of Jesus Christ. That God permits such mediation is evident from the fact that He allowed Abraham to plead with Him for the cities of Sodom and Gomorrah. St. Paul declared himself to be a mediator in this sense when he wrote to the Colossians, 1:9, "we have been praying for you . . . Our

prayer is that you may be filled with that closer knowledge of God's will which brings all wisdom and all spiritual insight with it." It is in this sense that Catholics look upon Mary as a mediator, not that she could possibly take the place of Christ in saving anyone, nor even that she could do anything for anyone except through the merits of Christ, but that she can and does pray, like Abraham and St. Paul, for sinners. She is of course, the highest of all praying mediators because of all creatures she is the closest and dearest to the Son of God.

3. *This command is given in the Bible, Exodus, 20:4: "Thou shalt not make to thyself a graven thing, nor the likeness of anything that is in heaven above or in the earth beneath, nor of those things that are in the waters under the earth." Devotion to the Mother of Christ among Catholics is always bound up with images, icons, pictures, statues and shrines. The use of all such objects is strictly forbidden by the text above, and therefore devotion to Mary is contrary to God's command.*

The above prohibition in the book of Exodus obviously and clearly refers to graven images made to be served and adored as gods. Indeed, the very next line of Exodus, following the above quotation, explains it: "Thou shalt not adore them nor serve them." The folly of interpreting the lines to mean that human beings are never to use any images or statues in religion is clear from the fact that in the same book of Exodus the chosen people are commanded to make certain graven images for use in the temple. For example, in chapter 25:18, God commands them "to make two cherubims of beaten gold, to be placed one on each side of the oracle in the temple." Clearly, then, the ban

on images is only on those that are made to be adored as gods. The fact is that Catholics look upon images of Mary as merely reminders of her, and are not permitted to give them the slightest sign of adoration.

4. *Much of the honor paid to Mary by Catholics is based on the fact that they maintain that she was always a virgin. This is contradicted by two texts in the Bible: 1) Luke, 2:17, which says "she brought forth her first-born son," thus indicating that there were other sons later; 2) Matthew, 12:46, in which the statement is made that "his (Jesus') mother and brethren stood without, seeking to speak to him," thus proving that Mary had other children besides Jesus.*

It is true that the perpetual virginity of Mary is one of the prerogatives that inspire Catholics to honor her. Neither of the two texts quoted above casts the least shadow of doubt on that perpetual virginity. St. Luke uses the phrase "first-born son" in his Gospel, because the Jewish law required special ceremonies to be carried out in respect to a first-born son, so that every such son was specifically called "first-born" whether the mother ever had another son or not. The phrase "brethren of Jesus," as used in the Aramaic of St. Matthew, has the force of "relatives," not of blood brothers, a fact that can be proved by other uses of the same word in the Old Testament and by the identification of some of the "brethren" spoken of as cousins of Jesus.

5. *Superstition is the belief that certain meaningless and foolish actions will bring down the favor of heaven. Now, many of the actions used by Catholics in connection with devotion to the Virgin Mary, such as wearing medals, using rosaries, burning candles*

before shrines, etc., are meaningless and foolish. Therefore devotion to the Mother of Christ is superstitious.

Catholics agree that meaningless and foolish actions, to which a person would attribute a divine and magical power to help him, would indeed be superstitious. The fact is, however, that the wearing of medals, the use of rosaries and the adorning of shrines do not fulfill that definition. Catholics in no wise attribute to these things a magical or mysterious power; they use them as material reminders of the invisible persons of Jesus and Mary, and therefore as helpful in recalling often to mind the importance of prayer. It is no more meaningless and superstitious to wear a medal in honor of the Mother of Christ, or to erect a beautiful shrine for her picture, than it is for any man to carry a photo of his mother or sweetheart in his billfold or watch, or for a nation to commemorate its heroes in statues or on stamps.

6. *In the early days of Christianity nobody ever thought of practicing devotion to Mary. It was an abuse that crept in long after primitive Christianity.*

This statement is completely erroneous in point of fact. In the catacomb of St. Priscilla beneath the city of Rome, which was one of the earliest of the catacombs and was most probably used by Sts. Peter and Paul, there is a picture of the Madonna painted on the wall. In fact, more than sixty images of the Virgin Mary, some of them representing her alone and some of them showing her with the Child Jesus, have been uncovered in just a few of the catacombs, proving that the same fond devotion to Mary that may be found among Catholics today flourished among the Christians of the first three centuries.

7. *Only those religious practices are*

The Liguorian

licit which are authorized in the Bible. Nowhere in the Bible is there the slightest suggestion of approval for the practice of praying to the saints or to the Mother of Christ. Therefore this practice is contrary to the wishes of Christ and the commands of God.

Catholics believe that since the New Testament of the Bible was not even written until after Christ had ascended into heaven, and was not completed till more than two generations later, it could not have been meant to be the sole rule of life for Christians; what Christ said to the Apostles and what they handed down was certainly more important for the generations of Christians who lived before the Bible was completed and known. However, the fact is that even in the Bible there is plenty of authorization for honoring Mary and asking for her intercession. It was an angel from heaven who said to Mary (Luke, 1:28): "Hail, full of grace, the Lord is with thee. Blessed are thou . . ." Surely the example of one of God's angels may be followed by men. It was Christ Himself who showed the world how He would honor Mary's prayers by granting her request for wine in behalf of the young bride and groom at Cana. Above all, however, it is the very fact of Mary's closeness to Christ as presented in the Bible, her being chosen by God to bring Him forth, to be with Him throughout His childhood and youth, and to share His terrible passion, that gives complete foundation for the doctrine that Christians should honor her who was so honored by God, and beg for her intercession because she was and still is so close to God. As to the practice of praying to saints in heaven in general, both the Old Testament of the Bible, with its many stories of how angels are permitted to help men, and the Apocalypse

in the New Testament, with its many references to the voices of the saints in heaven, give ample Scriptural background for its goodness and power.

8. *It is a fact that intense devotion to the Mother of Christ flourishes especially among the illiterate, e. g., in Italy, in Mexico, and among the least cultured and educated in America. This is at least a good sign that it does not belong in the religion of an educated person.*

It is simply untrue that devotion to the Mother of Christ is confined to illiterate people, or even to the not very well educated. There have been, and are, leaders in every field of human knowledge and achievement who have practiced a truly childlike, typically Catholic devotion to the Mother of God. And to despise something that the illiterate do because they are illiterate is to insult Christ Himself, who did most of His work for the illiterate and even chose such for His apostles.

9. *It is a very common sight to see great sinners kneeling before statues and shrines of the Virgin Mary and praying for favors. It is obvious that the reason for this is that Catholics believe that it doesn't matter how much they sin, or what kind of lives they lead; so long as they pray to the Virgin Mary, they believe they will be saved.*

It would be blasphemous for any Catholic to assert that the Virgin Mary could help him in any way without an intention on his part to give up sin and to love God with all his heart and soul. Sinners are urged to pray to her for the grace of repentance and reform; if they pray to her for any material favor without being willing to give up sin, they are spiritually illiterate, superstitious and unCatholic. As to salvation, Catholics believe that this depends on the merits of Jesus Christ, the faith of

The Liguorian

the individual, the fulfillment of Christ's commandments, and the use of the means of grace. When a Catholic prays to the Blessed Virgin, he is asking her for help and grace to fulfill the requirements for salvation; he does not expect to be enabled to circumvent them in any way.

10. *The only requirement for salvation is faith in Jesus Christ. Nothing else is necessary or profitable to attain that end. Therefore the final and clinching argument against devotion to the Mother of Christ is that it is contrary to the basic principle of Protestant Christianity, viz., that the one and only thing a man can do and must do for the salvation of his soul is to believe firmly in Jesus Christ.*

To one who is content to rest on this "basic principle of Protestant Christianity," in the face of all the clear com-

mands of the Bible that one must keep the commandments, pray without ceasing, make use of the sacraments, besides believing in Christ, there is little to be said. To anyone who will take the Bible as a whole, who will accept, not only Christ's command that he believe in Him, but also His other commands and instructions, it can be made amply clear that He chose a Mother, endowed her with all beauty and fullness of grace, and permitted her to cooperate with Him in effecting the redemption of mankind, in order that men might beg for her intercession in behalf of the graces they would need to save their souls. Basically, then, the contradiction is between those who take a part of the Bible for guidance on the way to salvation, and those who take all of the Bible.

On which side are you?

Creed of a Hot-Tongue

I swear because:
It is a fine mark of manliness
It proves I have self-control.
It indicates how clearly my mind operates.
It makes my conversation pleasing to everybody.
It leaves no doubt in anyone's mind as to my good breeding, culture and refinement.
It impresses people that I have more than an ordinary education.
It makes me a very desirable personality among women and children and in respectable society.
It is my way of honoring God who said: "Thou shalt not take the name of the Lord thy God in vain."
It is a strong way to express a weak mind.

—Pacific Northwest Hi-Y News

Simple Arithmetic

Problem: A motorist was 100 yards from an open railroad crossing, proceeding at 50 miles per hour. A train, going 60 miles per hour, was 375 feet from the crossing.

Question: Did the motorist get across?

Answer: Yes, he got across; a beautiful marble cross purchased by his widow from his insurance money.

—Norfolk and Western Ry. Bulletin



Three Minute Instruction

Debts to Mothers

In the celebration of Mother's Day, it would be well if all sons and daughters who have living mothers would, besides giving flowers or candy or poetic greeting cards to their mothers, also reflect on the duties that are implicit in the fourth commandment. Those duties are usually listed under three heads:

1. *Love.* The love of one's mother must be both internal and external. Internal love is proven by good wishes backed by frequent prayers. Love manifests itself externally when a child endeavors constantly to spare his mother from sorrow and pain, when it renders frequent services and kindnesses that add to her happiness, and when it is ready to come to her assistance, as far as possible, in time of need. A five pound box of candy given to one's mother on Mothers' Day in no way makes up for neglect during the rest of the year, nor for unkind words or actions frequently repeated.

2. *Reverence.* The duty of reverence for one's mother arises from the fact that she has been appointed by God as one of the two natural superiors over her children. It is shown in two ways: 1) by the avoidance of any disrespectful word or action towards one's mother, even in moments of anger or impatience or disagreement; and 2) by the manifestation of true deference and respect towards her at all times. The duty of reverence is not voided by the fact that one's mother may have faults or may even be guilty of sins.

3. *Obedience.* The obligation of obedience binds children in all things that pertain to their upbringing, exclusive, of course, of anything sinful that a parent might command. The duty of obedience to parents ceases only when a son or daughter leaves the parental home for the vocation of marriage or the religious life. Obedience to parents binds even sons and daughters who have come of age if they continue to live in their parents' home, in regard to those things that the parents reasonably command for the good order of the home.

The fulfillment of these obligations is the perfect tribute of gratitude to one's mother. In every gift and greeting of Mothers' Day, there should be the implicit promise of daily fidelity in these things.

Spiritual Alibis

It is strange how foolish a man will permit himself to sound when he excuses his irreligion. Consider these examples.

E. F. Miller

I AM a missionary, not a foreign missionary, but the kind that gives missions to people already Christianized here in the United States. Part of my work consists in visiting the fallen-aways and the weak of the parish in which I am working, and urging them to come out each evening for the services. The Holy Spirit has a peculiar and wonderful way of tying loose souls into knots of remorse once He has them firmly fixed under the pulpit, listening to the tremendous truths of sin and hell and judgment. Other projects in the Church may effect great good in saving or reclaiming the lost; but there is nothing that can compare with the power of a mission for softening hearts that were hard and opening eyes that could not see. But the problem is to induce the hardened and the blind to make the mission.

That is why I go out with the pastor and give the strays a personal invitation. Of course I always try to induce them to come back to their Father's house through the medium of a good confession, mission or no mission. Failing in that, I limit myself to the objective of urging them to come to the church for the mission, to come at least a few nights of the week if they cannot come every night, to come just one night out of curiosity, if they will do nothing else.

I must say that my success in this special form of stray-sheep-seeking has in no way been spectacular. Saul may have won his thousands and David his tens of thousands; I would be content

to be able to speak in terms of hundreds or even scores for whom I had been a harbinger of the grace of conversion. Of course the grace of God sometimes works slowly and invisibly, and no laborer among souls has any call to ask that the results of his work be made manifest to him. And he is amply rewarded for having called on fifty people with no apparent result, if the fifty-first eagerly seizes on the grace of God.

However, even though I have not had great apparent success in saving the lost and straying sheep on whom I have called, I have had extraordinary success in gathering a dossier of strange excuses and alibis from the lips of unfortunate men and women who were anxious to sidestep my willingness to lead them back to God. People always have excuses for not surrendering to divine love, just as the people in the Lord's parable who would not attend the banquet to which they were invited. Many may find it instructive to read what some of those excuses are. Perhaps even some of those who have used them, seeing them black on white and in print, may recognize how foolish they are and be done with advancing them.

I have never met a single fallen-away Catholic, in some twenty years' experience at calling on fallen-away Catholics, who told me that he gave up the practice of the Catholic religion because he was convinced after long study and deep prayer that the Catholic religion was not the religion of Christ.

Many may have said that they were convinced that the Catholic religion was wrong; but there was nothing about long study and deep prayer in the statement, and a question or two always proved that there was little or nothing of long study and deep prayer in fact. There may have been long study over the divine charms of a certain young lady of strong anti-Catholic tendencies who refused to tolerate the idea of marriage before a Catholic priest, or of cooperation with a Catholic in any of the duties imposed by his religion. Or a girl may have had her heart fixed more firmly on marriage than on heaven, and when a man came along with a proposal of the former, could not resist him even though he was the kind of a man for whom she would have to sacrifice the latter. Of course that is not the way *they* tell the story. *They* found out that the Catholic Church was wrong in the exact moment when they chose to marry outside her pale.

No weak Catholic has ever said to me that he was certain of the falsity of the Catholic religion because of her insistence on the necessity of good works as well as faith, or because of her teaching that tradition, together with the Bible, was a font of revelation. All the defenses of the theologians were so much Greek to most of them, in so far as they were able to quote them or even to suggest them. No, it was always some picayune argument that they themselves had probably answered a hundred times when they were in grade school, before the issue became confused by love's young dream or some other form of passion.

There were many who gave up the faith or became careless in its practice, because of "priest trouble." The priest talked too long in his sermons,

or he did not talk long enough. The priest visited his parishioners too much or he did not visit them enough. The priest played ball with the boys and girls in the public park, or the priest never played anything with anybody in any park. The priest talked too much about the rights of labor and social justice, thus taking sides with the "racketeers," or the priest never said anything about social problems, thus taking sides with "entrenched capitalists." The priest was too old to understand modern problems, or too young to have had any experience.

There was the case of the man whose father had not darkened the door of his parish church for thirty years, even though he did mail a check for a couple hundred dollars to the pastor once a year and did insist on his children attending services. The old man finally died. When the son went to the parish rectory to arrange for a church funeral at Mass, the pastor had to refuse this service, rightly assuming that the dead man's life showed that he had no use for the Mass. *That* was enough to convince the son that the Catholic Church was not the true religion; neither he nor any member of his family has attended Mass since.

The priest and money afford the weak the strongest argument for their weakness. It is said that the most tender part of a man is his pocket-book. This is definitely true of those who base the divinity of their religion on whether or not their pocket-book is mentioned by a priest in or outside the church. The priest may be begging money for starving orphans or he may be seeking donations for a much needed school. He may even be trying to get enough money together to patch a leaking roof, so that his parishioners may not have to raise umbrellas in

The Liguorian

church. It makes no difference what his purpose is; the cry is raised by the slipping and falling that all the priest talks about is money. And when a priest approaches a certain man who has been prodigal with his pennies when the collection basket was passed around, and suggests that it would be a good idea if he used the Sunday envelopes for a regular offering like the rest of the people, the man sometimes finds this a sufficient reason for severing ties with the ancient faith.

For some people the priest is always wrong. A young man once came to the priest's house to make arrangements for his marriage. He had his prospective bride on his arm. He rang the bell. When the door was opened, he stepped aside to allow his bride-to-be to enter first. No sooner had she passed inside than a loud shout greeted her. The shout consisted of nothing more terrible than the words: "Hey! Watch out! This floor has just been varnished!" Without a word the young man took his girl by the arm and led her out of the house. She had been insulted and *that* disproved the Catholic religion. They were married by a Holiness minister and are devout "Holinesses" today.

Then, there was the man who owned a home next door to the parish rectory. It seems that on the priest's property there was an apple tree, one branch of which hung over his neighbor's land. Because the priest did not cut off the offending branch after he had been warned, or in some way turn the tree around so that the branch would cease trespassing, the sensitive neighbor decided to quit going to church. His family quit going also. None of them have come back thus far.

However, it isn't always the priest who is blamed for keeping people away from church. A strong and healthy

young man of my acquaintance ceased being a practical Catholic because of some mysterious atmosphere in Catholic churches that always made him sick to his stomach. Every time he knelt down in a church in order to go to confession, he began to feel faint and would have to go outside. He had, of course, but one resort, to give up going to church entirely. His wife and children had to give it up too, just because "daddy got sick in church."

Then there are those who cannot go to church or the sacraments because they know so many sinners who go to church and the sacraments. Sometimes just the general statement is made that "every time you go to church you find it full of hypocrites and sinners, and a 'good' person would not want to be found dead with them." At other times there is just one sinner in the parish who goes to Mass, and thereby makes it impossible for a respectable citizen to go. "I'll tell you why I don't go to Mass. It's because one of the biggest hypocrites in the community is right up there in the front seat every Sunday. If the Church can tolerate him, it will have to get along without me." Sometimes a personal enmity is made the occasion for giving up the practice of religion.

It would require a full sized book to recount all the foolish and flimsy excuses that the fallen away have given me when I called on them in an effort to lead them home. They were always so tired on Sunday morning. They really felt they needed the extra rest. Or, they always forgot that it was Sunday, the one day which they were supposed to go to Mass. Or, it escaped their minds entirely to wind the alarm clock on twenty-nine consecutive Saturday evenings. Or, they didn't do anything wrong like killing people or steal-

The Liguorian

ing money, and therefore they did not feel the need of running off to church every other day; in fact, they were a lot better than their neighbors who never missed Mass.

The real reason, of course, was one of two or both. They were abysmally ignorant of the obligation of serving God in God's way and not in their own; or there was an obstacle to practicing the faith that they did not want to remove and which they would have to remove if they were to be reconciled: birth control; an invalid marriage; a

sinful attachment; a program of injustice; a hatred. Conscious neglect gradually grew into tepidity until they were so indifferent that they no longer even cared how foolish their reasons for not serving God really sounded.

Some of those who had been invited to make a mission and refused, died sudden and awful deaths. Sometimes this happened before a mission had come to an end. That is why on every mission we pray especially hard for those who need the mission and are refusing to make it.

Swimming in Chanel No. 5

or

There Are Things in Life More Important Than to Smell Nice

According to the newspapers, some gent
Has gone to the trouble to invent
A swimming pool loaded with scent.
You can dive in with or without your clothes
And come out smelling like a rose,
Thus increasing your popularity as regards the human nose.

Now as to where all this is taking place
You needn't have such an inquiring look on your face,
In Hollywood, of course, among the members of the super-race.
But let them steep themselves all day in their perfumed drink,
A good many of us will still be inclined to think—

Of some of them regarding their acting ability
Of others, in reference to their moral life,
Of many, in regard to both:

They stink!

L. G. Miller

Circumlocution

The U. N. translators, we are told, had an extremely difficult time in the beginning trying to render "atomic bomb" into Chinese. There seemed to be no equivalent word or expression. Finally they agreed upon this: "Yuen-tse-t'an"—which in literal translation means: An abominable little thing which explodes.

—Worldover Press

Canker in the Rose

A story for all mothers-in-law, to be read by them twice and perhaps three times.

L. G. Miller

PROMPTLY at eleven forty five Mrs. Butterfield put her knitting aside, arose from her chair which occupied a vantage point before the front window, and proceeded to set the table with the necessary dishes for her solitary lunch. Having fried an egg and boiled the water for her tea, she then sat down at the table and surveyed her little world with reasonable contentment. It was not much of a lunch, indeed—an egg, a slice of toast left over from breakfast, a bun, and a dish of Florence's pears—but it was sufficient for her modest appetite, particularly since it was Friday, and she must do without meat.

Mrs. Butterfield bowed her head almost to the level of her plate and said grace; after which she took up the slice of toast, carefully buttered it, and, pouring herself a steaming cup of tea, fell to with a will.

From the yard below she heard the sound of children at play and paused for a moment with the toast half-way to her mouth, wondering if the youngsters were getting too close to her flower-bed. The thought overpowered her, as it did frequently during the day, and she could not resist the urge to place her toast carefully beside her plate, rise from her chair and go over to the window. It was a beautiful spring day, but Mrs. Butterfield did not notice it; she noticed only with satisfaction that the children were safely occupied in the sandpile near the back fence. One of the three or four tots playing there was her five-year-old grandson,

Bobby, and opening the window to its full width, she hailed him shrilly:

"Bobby!"

Her grandson, squatting in the sandpile, looked around confusedly, then lifting his eyes and seeing that it was his grandmother who called him, he gazed at her with the wide eyes of a child, while his tiny companions likewise gazed in curiosity.

"Bobby!" cried Mrs. Butterfield again, "You behave yourself and stay away from my flower-bed."

There was no response to this admonition from her audience, nor did Mrs. Butterfield seem to expect any, for, after screwing up her features and shaking her head fiercely as a species of warning against any and all outbreaks of mischief, she withdrew from the window with a sense of having performed her duty and returned to her interrupted dinner.

Her lunch completed, the table cleared, and the dishes meticulously washed, Mrs. Butterfield purposefully retired to her bedroom. Usually it was her custom at this time to soothe her nervous system by means of a short nap, but today she had other plans, and her object now was to make herself presentable for the street. This required some little time. Mrs. Butterfield was well-preserved for a lady of 65, and having her normal share of the vanity bequeathed by Eve to her daughters, she felt it only right and just that her charms which once had wounded the hearts of a dozen swains, should not be entirely neglected now that they had

reached the season of late Autumn.

There was indeed nothing extravagant in her efforts to implement nature; some powder, a little rouge, some attention to her fading hair, her going-out dress in chaste widow's black, and Mrs. Butterfield was ready to face the world, accepting graciously with her sad little smile the world's plaudits on how well she looked, and how on earth did she manage to keep so young?

When she had finished her preparations, Mrs. Butterfield made her way down the outside stairs of her apartment, and, pausing briefly at the door of the apartment below, she knocked once or twice, then pushed open the door and walked in. A young woman appeared from the kitchen, dust-cloth in hand and her hair protected by a tightly-bound cloth.

"Hello, Mother," said the young woman, "How are you today?"

"I'm as well as can be expected, Florence," said Mrs. Butterfield with a sigh. "I just stopped in for a minute. I'm on my way to Mrs. Parker's house."

"Are you going visiting at this time of the day?"

"It isn't an ordinary visit, dear. Several of the Altar Society ladies are going to meet there, and we're going to spend the afternoon sewing and talking over future activities."

"So today you don't get your nap."

"No," said her mother, and sighed again. "I really should take it, with my constitution run down the way it is. The doctor says my blood pressure is up three points, too." This was a subject upon which Mrs. Butterfield could dilate for hours, but it so happened that another item of news was burning her tongue, and regretfully she switched off the discussion of her symptoms of ill health.

"How is Bill?" she asked. Bill was Florence's husband.

"Fine," said Florence. Then her forehead wrinkled in puzzlement. "That's a strange question to ask. You just saw him yesterday."

"Yes, I know. But I heard something last night." Here Mrs. Butterfield paused and looked upon her only daughter with an expression of great pity.

"What did you hear? Something about Bill?"

"Yes. Maybe I shouldn't be telling you this, you poor child, but I think it best that you know the truth. Mrs. O'Malley said that Mrs. Brosnan told her that her husband saw Bill coming out of a tavern down town and he was staggering like a blind man."

"When was this?"

"This morning. Mrs. O'Malley called me up just a little while ago."

Florence was silent. Her face had suddenly gone white.

"I know what you have gone through, dear, since you married that man," said Mrs. Butterfield. "I advised you against it, but nothing could change you."

"But Bill has been swell for the last year," said Florence. "I've never once smelled liquor on his breath, and he's been so kind and thoughtful, he's a changed man."

Mrs. Butterfield raised her eyebrows and sniffed gently.

"I know you never liked Bill, Mother. But I wish you wouldn't keep throwing it up to me that I made a mistake."

"Me throw it up to you that you made a mistake?" Mrs. Butterfield drew back in horror. "Why you know well, Florence, that I've never tried to interfere in your affairs. It's true that I always mistrusted Bill, but as I always told you, you must lead your own life."

"Well, let me lead it, then."

"All right, Florence. I won't say an-

The Liguorian

other word. I only hope this ugly rumor about Bill isn't true. Don't worry now, child," said Mrs. Butterfield, and with a motherly kiss upon her daughter's forehead, she proceeded on her way.

Mrs. Butterfield had indeed sacrificed her customary siesta, but she was not really too put out about it as she advanced her steps to the home of Mrs. Parker, a few blocks away. As a matter of fact, she looked forward with keen anticipation to an afternoon spent with her friends, in the course of which she would learn all there was to know about the condition of St. Jude's parish, and each and everyone of its parishioners. Thus indeed it transpired; when tongues and hands are equally occupied, time slips by very quickly, and the afternoon was over almost before Mrs. Butterfield realized it. Surfeited with cookies and tea, and with her mind well-stocked with interesting items of gossip about a number of persons, to be mulled over in her idle moments and rolled out for the inspection of others as the occasion offered, Mrs. Butterfield prepared to take her leave.

"How are Florence and her husband getting along?" asked Mrs. Schultz, as they were all putting on their coats.

"Fine, fine," said Mrs. Butterfield. "They have their troubles, of course, like any married couple, but I don't interfere. Let the young people lead their own lives, is what I always say."

A laudable sentiment, but somewhat marred by a remark by one of the ladies who lingered after Mrs. Butterfield had taken her leave.

"She didn't interfere with her daughter's marriage! Oh, no! All she did was to move heaven and earth to prevent it from taking place."

A very unkind remark, and one which proves that even among the

members of the Altar Society, charity sometimes falls a little short of perfection.

Mrs. Butterfield, meanwhile, was making her way along the street towards her home. She felt refreshed after her afternoon with the ladies, and she felt somewhat sanctified, too, for hands had been as busy as tongues, and some poor parish would receive nice new linens for the service of God upon the altar.

Her way home led her past the parish church, and Mrs. Butterfield entered the building and knelt quietly in the back pew. It was dark and cool in the church, and there was no one else visiting the Lord except three little girls who came clattering down the side aisle, knelt before the statue of the Blessed Virgin for about five seconds, looking up at her with childish simplicity and awe, and then clattered down the church again to the door, where, after carefully taking holy water, and with a final offering of one bow, a genuflection, and on the part of the third little girl, a combination of both, they disappeared from view.

Mrs. Butterfield, after kneeling a moment in the pew, also made her way down the aisle to the shrine of the Blessed Virgin, where she lit a vigil candle, and then knelt for a moment in prayer. With her sad little smile she knelt there and prayed for herself, that her patience might be increased, although God knew she tried to be as patient as she could beneath her many crosses. And she also prayed that she might grow in the spirit of true charity, reflecting as she did so, however, that she had never been one to hold a grudge, not even when things happened which were terribly unjust and unkind. As she thought of all that she had suffered because of her daughter's mar-

riage, a few tears of self pity welled out of her eyes, but today even this thought could not disturb her for long. She watched her little vigil light twinkling away, she looked up at the statue of our Lady, and she almost fancied that she could see the Blessed Virgin smile.

As Mrs. Butterfield came up the front walk of her home a few moments later, she heard the sound of voices in the first floor apartment. Bill, her son-in-law, was home, and quite evidently something had inspired in him a towering rage. Mrs. Butterfield was only human, with a mother's heart besides, and nothing on earth could have restrained her from standing near the window, unseen, where she could hear what was being said.

"But I keep telling you," Bill was saying, "that I wasn't drunk. I didn't even have a drink."

"Well, what were you doing in a tavern then?" The voice was that of Florence, and the tone was of that petulant timber which, when used by a wife towards her husband, is calculated by its very nature to arouse his annoyance.

"I told you ten times already that I wasn't in any tavern," shouted Bill. "I'd like to know who started that story."

"You don't have to shout at me."

"I'll shout all I please," shouted her spouse. "Who gave you that cock and bull story about me being in a tavern? I'd like to wring his neck."

Florence was silent, and Mrs. Butterfield, listening outside, shivered a little, apprehensively.

"I'll tell you who it was," Bill went on. "It was your mother. God knows she's tried hard enough in the past to cause trouble between us."

"Well, all she did," said Florence,

"was tell me what she heard from somebody else."

"Sure, sure. Anything she hears, she's got to tell. Especially when it concerns me."

"You can't talk about my mother like that."

"Oh, no? It's time we got some things straightened out. Your mother never liked me from the beginning, you know that. I've made mistakes, I'll admit that, but I'm doing my best. I haven't touched a drop of liquor in a year. But something like this is enough to drive me back to it again."

There was a sound of a dish shattering on the floor by way of emphasis, and simultaneously little Bobby began to scream, Florence began to cry, and Bill began to stamp furiously around the room. It was a good opportunity for someone to pour oil upon the troubled waters, but instinctively Mrs. Butterfield felt that she was not the one to do so at this time. Instead she made her way quietly up the rickety steps to her upstairs dwelling. When she was safely inside her front room, she sat down quietly in a chair without even removing her hat.

"Imagine him talking like that," Mrs. Butterfield soliloquized. "How utterly unjust and unfair! When all I have been trying to do is help them. Didn't I have the downstairs of my home all fixed up for them so they could be by themselves? And I could be getting a lot more rent, too, if somebody else moved in. I never told Bill I didn't like him. I was always nice to him, and tried to help him, even when I saw how many faults and failings he had. And now to be treated like the dirt under his feet!"

Tears of self-pity came from Mrs. Butterfield's eyes. From the room below she could hear the ebb and flow

The Liguorian

of the family argument still being carried on over the wailing of the baby. For a moment she sat there; then she suddenly realized that it was time for her evening cup of tea. As she bustled around the stove, getting things ready, she began to feel somewhat better. She would go down later and comfort Florence. She would even be nice to

Bill; she would forgive and forget his unkind words. Let them do what they please, she would preserve until the end her policy of not interfering in their lives. It was a comforting thought to know that she was so completely in the right, and as the water for her tea began to boil, Mrs. Butterfield began to hum a little tune.

1900 Year Old Prayer

We beg thee, O Master, to be our helper and protector; deliver those in need, heal the infirm, bring back the erring of Thy people, feed the hungry, ransom our prisoners, set the infirm upon their feet, comfort us who are in distress, raise up the fallen, show Thy face to those who are faint-hearted: let all the nations know that thou art the only God, that Jesus Christ is Thy Son, that we are Thy people and the sheep of Thy pasture. For Thou hast made known the everlasting constitutions of the world through the forces at work in it. Thou, O Lord, hast created the world, Thou who art faithful in all generations, right in Thy judgments, wonderful in strength and transcendent greatness, wise in creating, and judicious in establishing that which has come into being, beneficent throughout the visible world, and kind toward those that trust in Thee. O merciful and compassionate one, forgive us our iniquities and misdemeanors and transgressions and shortcomings. Do not consider every sin of Thy servants and servantmaids, but cleanse us as only Thy truth can cleanse, and direct our steps to walk in holiness of heart and to do the things which are good and pleasing in Thy sight and in the sight of our rulers. Yes, Master, let Thy face beam upon us that we may do good in peace and be sheltered under Thy mighty arm, and deliver us from such as hate us without cause. Grant concord and peace to us as well as to all the inhabitants of the earth, just as Thou didst grant it to our fathers when they piously called upon thee in faith and truth; grant us to be obedient to Thy almighty and glorious name, as well as to our princes and rulers on earth.

Written about the year 96 by St. Clement of Rome.

Not Yet Poisoned

Lord Morris, an Irish judge, was trying the case of a veterinary who was being sued for damages because he was alleged to have poisoned a valuable horse. Among the witnesses was a doctor who testified that he had given five grains of the so-called "poison" to a man without ill effect, therefore, he contended, twelve grains was not an excessive amount to give to a horse.

"But doctor," said the judge, "wouldn't twelve grains kill the devil himself?"

"That I can't say, my lord," was the reply. "I never had the honor of prescribing for that patient."

"Ah no, more's the pity. The old boy's still alive."



For Wives and Husbands Only

D. F. Miller

Problem: I have been a wife for 20 years, and my husband has gradually permitted me to become practically a slave in the home. He never takes me out, either to a show or to a party or to visit friends. We don't even go to church together. The job of raising our five children is left almost entirely to me; he does little or nothing to help except that he criticizes frequently. I never have time to go out on my own to a show or to visit friends, though he spends most of his leisure hours doing these things. Is this a normal picture of the job of a wife and mother?

Solution: There are two things that must be said in general to wives who write in this strain, and let it be said that there are quite a few who do so. The first is that there is a quite common tendency for wives to exaggerate the degree of "slavery" to which they have been reduced. There are so many gadabout wives, irresponsible wives, and home-neglecting wives in the world today that sometimes a good wife and mother feels that by comparison with them she is indeed a prisoner. A wife should know that she is far better off being too much at home than too little at home, even though it does seem that the gadabout wives have a much better time. The second thing is that there are joys and compensations attached to raising a family that are not nullified even by the fact that the wife has to do more than her share. Only self-pity, selfishness and resentment can destroy those joys, if the wife is doing a good job for her children.

There are, however, husbands who do treat their wives as slaves, expecting them to do all the work in the home, while they themselves roam about with absolutely no sense of responsibility toward their wives or children. With some, this may be the result of thoughtlessness; they have just come to take it for granted that the wife's place is in the home and that all the responsibility toward the children is hers. They do not realize that she needs a bit of recreation, change, amusement, once in a while, and that it is their responsibility as a husband to see to it that she gets it. This presentation of such a wife's feelings may be sufficient to awaken a thoughtless husband to greater consideration.

There are other husbands who are so proud and selfish in their attitude toward their wives that it is to be feared that no statement of their duty will change them. They really do make their wives slaves, and for this they will burn some day. The wife who has to bear with such should take her comfort from the family she is raising, and from the fact that the example of her patience may some day break through the hard crust around the heart of her self-centered spouse.

What Makes a Drunkard?

There was a time, in the life of every drunkard, when he (or she) could have chosen to escape the evils and miseries of excessive drinking. This informative article may help many to choose escape.

H. J. O'Connell

EVER SINCE the incident, described in the Scriptures, in which Noah first brewed the bowl of wine that left him senseless and naked upon the floor, the use of intoxicating drinks has constituted a serious problem for human society. Nor have men today, in spite of their boasted progress in many fields, found a satisfactory answer to this problem. It is estimated that over forty million persons in the United States between the ages of fifteen and sixty drink alcohol in some form. Of these forty million users of alcohol, over two million must be classed as "intemperate," drinking to excess, at least occasionally. Some 600,000 among the intemperates are "chronic alcoholics," that is, persons who have suffered definite bodily or mental harm from excessive drinking. The magnitude of the alcohol problem becomes even more evident when one reads that in one year Bellevue Hospital in New York admitted 12,000 patients because of drink, and that a large insurance company has stated that 34% of its rejections of applications were because of habits of drink which were considered to constitute a threat to the longevity of the persons concerned.

Alarming as these figures are, they do not even begin to tell the story of the harm caused to individuals and to society because of the abuse of intoxicants. No one at present can estimate accurately the number of working days lost because of acute drunkenness or "hangovers," the loss of life and serious

injury in traffic accidents, where either the driver or pedestrian had taken enough alcohol to impair their coordination, or the lowered resistance to disease resulting from excessive and long continued drinking. Nor can one do more than guess at the amount of crime fathered by liquor, or the number of boys and girls started down the wrong path in life through contacts with evil companions in taverns, night-clubs, and "beer-joints." Still more impossible is it to imprison in figures the amount of human unhappiness caused by drink. Who can ever trace the number of broken homes and divorces that are the result of the drunkenness of husband or wife? Who can ever count the children deprived, not only of education and loving care, but even of proper food, clothing, and shelter because of the habitual intoxication of their parents?

One need not be a blue-nosed prohibitionist, nor a fanatic "teetotaler" to recognize the cold, hard fact that alcohol constitutes a problem which human society must gird itself to solve. This article, however, is concerned, not with social measures, such as the "noble experiment" of prohibition, or the closing of taverns at certain times, but with the rehabilitation of the individual alcoholic.

Classes of drinkers

There have been many attempts by experts to classify the various types of drinkers. Some of these lists are very complicated and technical; one of them,

for instance, contains twenty-eight classifications. However, for purposes of ordinary discussion, the following simple division may be presented. With relation to the consumption of alcohol, human beings may be divided into: 1) *abstainers*, who never touch intoxicating liquor in any form; 2) *moderate drinkers*, who use alcohol, but never to the point of intoxication, nor so as to impair their health; 3) *intemperate drinkers*, who drink in such quantity as to become drunk, or so as to injure their health.

The intemperate drinkers are either: a) *occasional* drinkers, who ordinarily do not exceed the bounds of moderation, but do so once in a while, as at a birthday celebration or wedding party; b) *steady* drinkers, who habitually indulge in excessive amounts of alcohol.

These steady drinkers, again, are of three types: 1. *environmental* drinkers, who take too much, not because of any inner need or compulsion, but because of the circumstances in which they are placed, for instance, salesmen, bartenders, and waiters, who feel that they have to drink with their customers, and the young men and women who frequent taverns because they do not know where else to find companionship. 2. *symptomatic* drinkers, whose excessive use of alcohol is merely a symptom or manifestation of feeble-mindedness or of a psychosis. 3. *alcohol addicts*, who have an apparently uncontrollable craving for drinking to the point of intoxication.

Abstainers evidently constitute no problem with relation to their own personal consumption of alcohol; nor do moderate drinkers, although even a few drinks can make a person a menace behind the wheel of an automobile. The use of alcoholic drinks, as long as the

bounds of moderation are not exceeded, is not of itself wrong; and there are purposes to which it can be directed that in certain circumstances are reasonable and worthy, such as the heightening of the joy of a celebration, the release of nervous tension, or the stimulation of appetite. However, there might be considerable dispute about the quantity and frequency with which alcoholic beverages can be indulged in without injury to health. This is a matter for the medical profession to decide, and thus far, it seems, doctors have not been able to lay down any very definite norms or standards. The problem is, to be sure, quite complex, since the form in which the alcohol is taken, the time consumed in drinking it, the rate of absorption, the physical size of the person, the nutritional balance of the body, the condition of the liver and other organs, and the mysterious factor called "alcoholic tolerance" must all be taken into account. What would be moderate for one man, might be excessive and injurious for another. In the present state of knowledge, about all that can be said is that a steady diet of alcohol, even in moderate amounts, is dangerous. In this matter, especially, it is better to be safe than sorry. There is not very much to be said in favor of the use of alcohol, and a great deal to be said against it.

Occasional and environmental drinkers, since they lack an inner drive or compulsion to drink, can ordinarily stop drinking altogether, or hold themselves within the bounds of moderation, once they have sincerely and firmly resolved to do so. Of course, it is possible for such persons to become so habituated to drink that they cannot get along without it; but then they must be ranked among the addicts. Usually, however, these individuals can be mod-

The Liguorian

erate if they make up their minds to it. What is most important for them is, first of all, to have a firm and unshakeable resolution not to drink excessively, and then to foresee the occasions when they will be tempted to do so, and to plan their conduct beforehand. Each man should set for himself a limit, beyond which he will not go under any circumstances. When he gets near that limit, it would be wise for him not to drain the glass, but to retain something in it, so that he can always say: "No, thanks, I still have some." In this way, one has a chance of escaping the deplorable habit of some hosts, who, from a mistaken idea of hospitality, press their guests to drink, and insist on filling their glasses constantly. One should respect another's *freedom not to drink*, and let each person judge for himself how much he should take.

Feeble-minded and psychotic drinkers belong in an institution under custodial care. That is the only way they can be safeguarded from the deleterious effects of excessive drinking, and the only way that society can be protected against the wild rages and brutal actions to which alcohol sometimes drives such persons.

The addict

It is, however, the alcohol addict who constitutes the most difficult problem for family, friends, priests, doctors, social workers, and others who are interested in their rehabilitation. The addict, as was mentioned, has an apparently uncontrollable craving for drinking to the point of intoxication. Many of these are highly intelligent individuals, who might make a valuable contribution to the society in which they live, if it were not for their excessive drinking. Often enough they realize the havoc that alcohol is causing in

their lives, and declare with apparent sincerity that they would like to be rid of it, but cannot. Sometimes they "go on the wagon" for a period; but inevitably fall back again. Persuasions, threats, appeals to their love and sympathy all seem to have no effect. What is the explanation of this strange, overwhelming desire for intoxication?

One who thinks that the alcohol addict drinks just because he likes the taste of liquor, misses altogether the underlying seriousness of the problem. Often enough, these individuals actually dislike the taste of alcoholic drinks. The truth seems to be that the addict drinks *in order to escape the burdens and responsibilities of life, which he is unable to face because of his emotional immaturity*. Alcohol addiction is, then, essentially a psychoneurotic reaction. Just as a hysteric adopts a form of bodily disability in order to escape an unpleasant situation; just as the neurasthenic turns his attention to internal states and processes in order to avoid the consideration of conflicts in his life; so the addict uses alcohol as a screen to shut out unsatisfactory exterior and interior realities.

Alcohol serves this purpose admirably, for its effect is to anaesthetize first of all the areas of the brain that are correlated with the higher faculties of man, especially the discrimination and judgment. Consequently, there is a blunting of the power of self-criticism, which allows a release of inhibitions, and the free expression of the lower emotions. Contrary to the ordinary impression, alcohol is not a stimulant, but a narcotic. Its apparently stimulating effect is the result of the relaxing of tension and anxiety, born of the consciousness of one's ideals and of the responsibilities and demands of life.

The first thing that one notes in

a person who has had even a little too much to drink is that he speaks more freely, laughs more boisterously, expresses opinions and tells things about himself and his family that ordinarily he would never think of revealing. He is less self-conscious, less worried about how he appears in the eyes of others. This slight relief of tension and inhibition is what the moderate drinker seeks in alcohol, and he is content with this. He does not wish to become intoxicated; he drinks in order to enjoy reality, not to shut it out and escape it.

But the addict is not satisfied with merely clothing the details of life in a rosy glow. He is so mal-adjusted that he wants to shut out reality altogether. As greater quantities of alcohol are taken, larger and larger areas of the brain are anaesthetized. The lower nerve centers begin to be affected, as can be noticed in the thickness of speech, the staggering walk, the incoordination of the movements of the hands of one who is somewhat advanced in his cups. Gradually, the behavior becomes more and more uncontrolled. There may occur shouting, maudlin weeping, loud laughter, and reckless or quarrelsome conduct. Eventually, an almost complete anaesthetization is reached, in which the person sits and babbles incoherently, or sinks into a drunken stupor. He is for the time being as completely shut off from reality, from the problems, responsibilities, and sorrows of life, as an insane person in his cell.

It is this escape from reality through intoxication that the addict is consciously or subconsciously seeking. Because of his emotional immaturity, he finds life too hard to meet, and turns to alcohol as a means to soften the blows of real life, as a way back to the carefree level of adolescence or child-

hood. From it he expects pacification of his troubles, release from responsibility, and the banishing of anxiety. Quite frequently there is in such a person a sense of inferiority, a dissatisfaction with self. From this alcohol provides an escape by producing a feeling of elation, of self-confidence, by blowing up the person's *ego*. Everyone is acquainted with the ridiculous boasting, and shameless exhibitionism of some "drunks."

Almost always there can be discovered in the addict a history of emotional immaturity, dating back to childhood. In the background of the picture there will be found at least one over-indulgent and over-protective parent, who shielded the child from every danger and hardship, never training him to meet the difficulties of life, or to realize the need of adjustment and self-sacrifice in getting along with others. Or, on the other hand, there may have been parental tyranny and domination, such as to instil a pattern of fear in the child's mind, a sense of insecurity, and a lack of ability to make his own decisions. Thus, there is established the psychoneurotic personality.

When such a person is removed from the parental care, he finds that he is expected by society to behave in an adult way, to accept his share of decisions and responsibilities. But this he cannot do; for he is still emotionally a child. Consequently, he tries to escape, to blot out reality, to get back to the irresponsible period of childhood. That such an individual takes to alcohol, rather than to another of the psychoneurotic reactions, is the result largely of circumstances. No personality is specifically determined to the use of alcohol. The personality furnishes the predisposition; the adoption of a particular escape mechanism depends to a great extent upon the environment.

The Liguorian

Alcohol is, indeed, the most available, and the most socially acceptable of the various solvents of unpleasant reality. But, if such an avenue were blocked to him, the mal-adjusted person would most likely take up one of the other psychoneurotic reactions, such as hysteria or neurasthenia.

Treatment

From this explanation of the underlying psychological causes, one can see that the cure of an alcohol addict is a complex and difficult matter. It is not enough to plead, beg, or threaten. It is not enough to place before the person the sad consequences of excessive drinking upon himself and his family. It is not enough to keep alcohol away from him for a time. For none of these methods strike at the cause. What the person needs is a complete reeducation for life, such as to produce the maturity of character which is lacking in him.

There is as yet no specific treatment which can be applied universally to all cases. Each alcoholic must be handled as an individual problem. Almost all require the assistance of experts. Some do better in an institution; others need freedom to develop personal responsibility. Drugs, notably those which produce a nausea for alcohol, have proved effective in some cases. However, if reeducation for life is not also provided, there is great danger of a relapse.

Religion is an important aid in the restoration of the alcoholic. In fact, occasionally a religious conversion may be so deep and sincere that it alone can produce a permanent cure. "Alcoholics Anonymous," a non-sectarian society of reformed drinkers, formed for the purpose of helping others find a release from the slavery of alcohol, considers this religious conversion the most important plank in their program. Their attitude is stated as follows:

1. "We admitted that we were powerless over alcohol—that our lives had become unmanageable.
2. Came to believe that a Power greater than ourselves could restore us to sanity.
3. Made a decision to turn our will and our lives over to the care of God.
4. Made a searching and fearless moral inventory of ourselves.
5. Admitted to God, to ourselves, and to another human being the exact nature of our wrongs.
6. Were entirely ready to have God remove all these defects of character.
7. Humbly asked Him to remove our shortcomings.
8. Made a list of all persons we had harmed, and became willing to make amends to them all.
9. Made direct amends to such people whenever possible, except when to do so would injure them or others.
10. Continued to take personal inventory, and when we were wrong, promptly admitted it.
11. Sought through prayer and meditation to improve our conscious contact with God, praying only for knowledge of His will for us and the power to carry that out.
12. Having had a spiritual experience as a result of these steps, we tried to carry this message to alcoholics, and to practice these principles in all our affairs."

It is, of course, necessary at the beginning of treatment to remedy any harmful physical effects of previous over-indulgence, especially the nutritional deficiencies, which are quite common in heavy drinkers. In fact, it has recently been discovered that even the "D.T.s" (*delirium tremens*) of the chronic alcoholic are the result, not of the amount of alcohol in the body, but of a lack of the proper vitamins.

An effort must likewise be made to

The Liguorian

adjust the environment of the individual, so as to remove, as far as possible, the sources of mental conflict. In this the family of the alcoholic can be of great help by trying to produce a happy atmosphere in the home, by instilling confidence in the patient, giving encouragement, providing adequate food, and bearing patiently with the irritability that often characterizes one who is struggling against drink. When it can be arranged, a change of occupation to a job for which the person is better fitted, and in which he will find greater satisfaction, is often beneficial. Work or play in the open air, but not to the point of over-tiredness, is a good means of producing a relaxed and tranquil state of the nerves. Hobbies and interests, too, can provide comfort and relief in times of temptation and strain.

The most difficult part of treatment, as all experts agree, is to get the patient to accept the prospect of a *complete non-alcoholic future*. Even those who sincerely want to get well, most often have in the back of their minds that getting well means being able to drink in moderation. But it is the unanimous opinion of experts that once a person has become an alcohol addict, he will never be able to drink moderately again. His only salvation is complete and total abstinence. Even one drink can bring about a relapse, and the loss of all the progress that has been made. Hence, such a person, when pressed to drink by well-meaning, but foolish friends, should simply answer: "No, thanks, I'm allergic to alcohol." Of course, if a man does relapse, he

should not give up in despair. Experience shows that some win a complete victory only after repeated efforts.

Prevention

Even with the most sympathetic and skilful help, and in the most favorable conditions, the cure of an alcohol addict is very difficult. Hence, it is extremely important to prevent the addiction before it occurs. The preventive measures to be adopted include: 1) the scientific education of all children upon the effects and significance of excessive use of alcohol; 2) taxation of liquor, regulation of the hours of closing of drinking places; the exclusion of minors from taverns, and other social legislation, in so far as it is found useful and necessary. 3) But most important of all is the education of men and women to meet life in a mature way. This places a tremendous responsibility upon parents and teachers, one in which they have too often failed in the past. Firmness must be tempered with kindness, so as to produce a character which can meet life as it really is, which recognizes the need of self-sacrifice, and realizes that nothing worth-while is ever accomplished without labor and effort. If the parents have failed in their duty, the person himself must begin to reeducate himself with the aid of prudent and experienced advisers. For it is from the ranks of the emotionally immature that the army of alcohol addicts is recruited. And it is only through the development of emotionally mature men and women that this grave social problem can be successfully solved.

Too Much!

A Divinity student named Tweedle
Wouldn't accept his degree;
It was bad enough being Tweedle
Without being Tweedle, D. D.

—Yale Review

Justifiable Homicide

You've wondered about those Hollywood crimes, trials and acquittals. Here's how they work, making Hollywood a high-walled preserve of immunity from the ways of ordinary justice.

L. G. Miller

"MAN ALIVE!" said my friend, Moe, in accents of the deepest admiration, "He done it again!"

"Who did what, Moe?"

"Gerald Goldmore. He got Tina Torrid declared innocent!"

Moe owns a newspaper stand at the corner of Grand and Cherry. I stop there every night on the way home from work, and Moe always gives me a brief digest of the leading news of the day. Moe has lots of time to read, standing in his little stall all day, and he uses his time to advantage by devouring the tabloids.

I knew the case to which he was referring. Tina Torrid was an eminent movie actress who had, in an incautious moment, pumped a bullet into the handsome profile of film star Caesar Colorado; thereby rendering him very dead. Mr. Colorado was Tina's fourth in a series of assorted husbands. I remembered reading that when the neighbors rushed in after the shot, they found Tina with the gun still smoking in her hand, so the evidence certainly seemed clear enough against her. The Gerald Goldmore to whom Moe referred was the celebrated Hollywood criminal lawyer who made a specialty of getting actors out of scrapes.

"That Goldmore is some operator!" said Moe. "Why, he had the prosecution tied up in knots!"

"But I thought it was an open and shut case."

"Sure. That's what everybody thought. That's before this smart

lawyer took over."

"And you mean to say the court declared her innocent?"

"Well, not exactly. They found she shot him in self-defense."

"Self-defense!"

"Sure. They got an account of the whole trial here in the *Evening News*, and let me tell you, it's hot stuff."

"That I can believe."

"They started to read some of Tina Torrid's diary in court, and the judge had to make them stop. It was *that* kind of a diary."

"But how did her diary come into the case?"

"Well, you see, Gerald Goldmore was out to prove she was justified in killing this Joe. So he had her diary brought in to show that when she married Caesar Colorado, she was really still in love with her third husband, Frank Fillmore. She just married this Colorado on the bounce, get it?"

"Yes, but I don't see how—"

"Of course the real turning point in the case was when they brought in the neckties."

"The neckties?"

"Yup. Gerald Goldmore had all the men in the jury put on these neckties. It must have been a riot."

"Wait a minute, Moe, You're way ahead of me. What on earth did neckties have to do with the case?"

"I'm telling you, ain't I? This Colorado that was bumped off was known far and wide for his neckties. He always wore them in a polka-dot design.

The Liguorian

He was so famous for it that it got so they called him 'The Necktie'—just like they call Frankie Sinatra 'The Voice'."

"Oh yes, of course, I should have known."

"But it was the psychoanalyst who really upset the apple-cart."

"What psychoanalyst?"

"Why, none other than Dr. Sturgis McSteger. He is quite a big-shot doctor in Hollywood, and Tina Torrid had been taking treatments from him. He knew her sub-conscious like an open book."

"And what did he have to say?"

"Well, he testified that Tina was suffering from a polka dot complex. Seems when she was a child her mother give her a beating one day, and at the time this happened the old lady was wearing a polka-dot dress. Ever since that time, whenever Tina sees polka dots, she gets an irresistible urge to go on a rampage."

"Go on, go on."

"Well, after this psychoanalyst testified about how Tina Torrid had this polka-dot complex, that's when Gerald Goldmore brought in the neckties."

"All polka-dot, I suppose."

"Sure. You catch on quick. There was six men in the jury, and he makes each one of them put on one of these neckties, see? Then he turns to the ladies (there was six of them, too) and gives each one of them a loaded cap-pistol. Then he starts out on his big speech. He tells them what a sweet and innocent gal his client was, and how brave and courageous she had been, even though her heart had been shattered three times on the sharp rocks of her ill-fated romances. You know how them speeches go."

"Yes, I guess I do."

"Meanwhile Tina Torrid is sitting

there, every now and then letting out a loud sob, and being comforted by her step-mother."

"So she was there, too."

"Sure. The studio had her flown in from Schenectady, New York." She and Tina hadn't been on speaking terms for ten years, but they were reconciled just before the trial. Here's a picture of them weeping on each other's shoulder. Ain't that sad?"

"It sure is."

"Well, as I was saying, after Gerald Goldmore got good and warmed up, and had all the women jurors in tears, he told them all to stand up, holding their cap pistols in their hands, and he says: 'Now suppose you distinguish-ladies had a loathing for polka dots. Just imagine that you can't stand them; they make you sick. Let each one of you suppose further, ladies, that the man nearest to you in the jury box is your husband. Fix your eyes on that polka-dot necktie. You hate it, you can't stand it, yet he keeps wearing it. One night he comes home, and it so happens at the time that someone has just sent you a loaded gun for a birthday present. You see the polka-dot necktie, you raise your arm to ward off the sight, and—scarcely realizing it—bang! you shoot!'"

Moe had worked himself up to quite a frenzy, and he paused a moment to catch his breath.

"Now, according to the paper here, Gerald Goldmore had those women worked up to such a pitch that when he said 'shoot' they all fired their cap-pistols at the men who were supposed to be their husbands. What do you think of that?"

"Why, it's fantastic."

"Sure it is, but he done it, all the same. After the excitement had died down in the courtroom, he simply said:

The Liguorian

"I submit to you, ladies and gentlemen, that what you have seen and done just now proves the innocence of my client. She could no more refrain from shooting Caesar Colorado than she could refrain from breathing in the air around her. The defense rests."

"And on the strength of that the jury acquitted her?"

"They only took ten minutes to return a verdict of justifiable homicide."

"What do you think of the case, Moe?"

"Me? Who cares what I think. But if you really want to know, I think she and her polka-dot complex ought to be locked up for about ninety-nine years."

"And you think Mr. Goldmore is a smart operator for getting her an acquittal?"

"Sure he is. But," said Moe, "as my friend Maxie often tells me, you can be smart, and still be as crooked as a left-handed pretzel."

Russian Humor

There is an organization in England known as the Writers' Group of the Society for Cultural Relations with the U.S.S.R. In the interests of furthering culture, the British literary men recently communicated with a group of Russian writers, and asked the following question: Is there a specific type of Russian humor?

The answer, as reported in *America*, was right down the middle of the party line.

"The specific quality of Russian humor lies in its ideological content, its inspired quality and its subtlety. It is bright and humanistic. It is a powerful weapon against reaction. Humor serves Soviet society by ridiculing the survivals of the old capitalism."

About the most humorous statement, we think, Russian humorists have ever concocted.

Chaperoned

A priest we know recently had occasion to send to Europe for a relic of St. Therese Lisieux, the Little Flower. In due time, his request was granted, and a little box reached him, containing the relic he so greatly desired.

But he was rather surprised to find another relic in the box, and a little note which stated:

"We did not think it suitable that the little Saint Therese should travel alone on such a long journey, so we gave her the company of a venerable old priest. The second relic is of St. John Vianney, the Cure of Ars."

From One Apple

The editor of a small Nebraska newspaper some years ago, commenting on what he conceived to be certain mistakes of the legislature, delivered himself as follows:

"The apple of discord is now fairly in our midst, and if not nipped in the bud, will burst forth in a conflagration which will deluge society in an earthquake of bloody apprehension."

Pre-Marriage Clinic

D. F. Miller

Fears Before Marriage

Problem: I am engaged to a very fine young Catholic man, but as the date for our marriage draws nearer and nearer, I am tormented by the thought that I may have had, and may still have, a vocation to be a Sister. I do love my fiancé very much, and do feel a strong attraction for the life of a wife and mother, but at the same time I feel that it would be terrible if I were to lose what I have always been taught to believe was a higher vocation. How can I make a right decision? *

Solution: In general, it may be said that divine Providence seems now to have led you along the path toward marriage, and that the presumption is very strong that it is God's will that you enter that state. The fact that you are in love, that you are strongly attracted by married life, that you have given your promise of marriage, are all indications of this. It is possible that God has kept alive in your heart a high regard for the religious vocation in order that you may transmit it to your children and that it thus may be the occasion for some of them to choose the priesthood or religious life.

Fundamentally, of course, this problem can be rightly settled only between you and your confessor. There have been, in history, singular cases of persons who at the last moment before marriage decided to renounce the world and to give themselves entirely to God. However, there have always been extraordinary circumstances present in such cases, and the direction of a good confessor was followed implicitly. If you put your case up to a confessor and he decides in favor of your marriage, you must then put all doubt or worry aside.

It may help you to know that quite frequently, especially in the case of certain temperaments, girls who are engaged to be married go through a period of doubt and even panic shortly before their marriage, wondering if they are doing the right thing and whether they will be happy in marriage. This should not be taken too seriously, because it is a normal reaction to a serious responsibility. It should merely make a girl want to be well prepared, both with knowledge and virtue, for the tasks of married life.

Toward Justice for Negroes

Those who read and hear much about the Southern politicians who are opposed to granting justice to Negroes, should know something about the Catholic Committee of the South, a strong movement in the right direction.

D. J. Corrigan

A FEW years ago in a Southern city a Catholic Negro girl desired a convent high school education. Now in that entire region there was only one such Catholic school, but never had it received any but white girls into its hallowed corridors. In spite of her color the girl applied and the nuns were all for accepting her. But at this point *Lady Justice* stepped in from the outside and with bandage fallen from her eyes and her scales teetering at an outrageous slant, declared to the Sisters: "If you take this pupil into your school with white girls, you will be violating the laws of this State and you will be fined \$100.00 a day." To the colored girl, who had a right as an American to an education of her choice and as a Catholic to instruction in her faith: "If you dare to enter that Catholic school, we will fine you \$200.00!"

For the Negro, modern enforced segregation, product of an unchristian prejudice of the past, still takes its daily toll in frustrated hopes and ambitions, and this in all parts of the country, but particularly in the South. It is not the much publicized lynchings and poll tax that do the real damage, for these evils are gradually disappearing, but the every day hobbles of racial restriction that make it extremely hard for those of a darker skin to live as human beings: the difficulty of getting a permanent job with adequate pay check; the frequent impossibility of securing a decent home; the almost total

lack of amusement that is conducive to moral living; inconvenience in traveling, especially in obtaining shelter, food and care for the necessities of life; the lower scale of training and salary for colored public school teachers, resulting in inferior education; the high mortality rate of the Negro and the appalling dearth of colored physicians especially in the South, stemming in large part from the fact that Negro doctors most often are barred from following their patients into hospitals. These are only a few of the constant evils of racial discrimination.

Often has it been said that only a long time resident of the South understands the racial difficulties of that part of the country, and that only he, not outsiders, can do much to remedy them. This is no doubt true, provided that the Southern conscience is willing to acknowledge these evils and do something about them. This was apparent last autumn in the struggle between the Dixiecrats, hewers to the old line, and the growing number of Southern liberals of all faiths who are clamoring for reform. It may be that these Southern apostles question the efficacy of improvement by federal legislation, but they are all united in demanding that the evils attendant on segregation be abolished.

It is heartening to know that foremost in this movement for the second emancipation of the Negro is a Catholic organization: the Catholic Commit-

tee of the South. Composed of priests and laymen of most dioceses below the Mason-Dixon line, it is a militant band of apostolic salesmen who are trying to put over Catholic social principles to a largely non-Catholic South. To accomplish this, the Committee spurns all half-hearted measures and compromise; in fact, some of its pronouncements are apt to shock the so-called prudence of their more complacent fellow Catholics.

Almost ten years ago a number of priests and laymen, members of the Catholic Sociological Association, decided that in order to cope with special problems of the South, they had best form their own organization. In this way was born the Catholic Committee of the South. As one member described it: "There were priests and laymen in the South who were not complacent, who saw racial injustice as the barrier it is to everything the South needs and seeks, who saw the full import of the Papal encyclicals on the social order, who saw the need for Catholic education for a rural South. But these were voices crying in the wilderness. The Catholic Committee of the South came into being because of their need of linking hands, their need of knowing that they were not alone."

Even today the Committee is not large, as organizations go. Purposely its membership has been limited, and it functions, not as a force of numerical opinion, but rather as a propaganda machine. Thus in the great archdiocese of New Orleans it numbers only twelve laymen and six priests. But what it lacks in size, it makes up for in noise. It uses all available publicity devices to see that the voice of the Church is heard on social questions. To this end in the same New Orleans it maintains an active publicity bureau which re-

leases its frequent bulletins to the daily and Negro press. Likewise, it works closely with the fast growing labor unions of the South, thereby hoping to guide with Catholic principles the greatest natural force for social good in the country.

In its pronouncements to the Negro newspapers, the Catholic Committee of the South is performing a valuable missionary service in making known the aims and truths of the Catholic Church to people who have long been impregnated with false propaganda and consequent bias against the Church. The colored man who would read in his weekly newspaper the following bulletin, could not but carry with him a most favorable opinion of Catholicism:

Jackson, Miss., Nov. 2—"I am unable to understand how any minister of religion can assure his Christian followers that they will be able to enter heaven with racial prejudice on their souls!"

This was the ringing challenge of Rev. Vincent J. O'Connell, S.M., in discussing civil rights legislation at a mass meeting of labor union rank and file here last week.

"Love of neighbor in word and deed is not incidental to Christianity; it is the very foundation of it," he continued. "I am convinced that the world will not believe that Christ, Incarnate God, has walked this earth until all His followers are one with Him and His Father."

Proposed civil rights legislation "deals with basic human rights," the priest said. "It is clearly dishonest to use them as scarecrows to stir up fears and prejudices."

Father O'Connell was brought here by labor leaders to speak on "Labor and the State of the Union." He is general chairman of the Catholic Committee of the South.

"The proposed civil rights program has been very little understood because it has

The Liguorian

been greatly misrepresented," he said. "Despite everything you hear, complete adoption of the civil rights legislation would not mean an end to segregation over night.

"Professional politicians have stirred up their followers with cries of 'Mixed swimming pools! Mixed eating places! Racial quotas for employment!' None of these things have been proposed by President Truman. It is dishonest to use them to stir up prejudice and hate.

"Few men in organized labor would deny the Negro legal protection for the safety of his person and property, deny him the right to vote or deny him equal opportunity for work and pay according to his ability.

"But these are the so-called horrible civil rights that have split the nation!"

In a region where strict segregation has been the rule by custom or by civil law, it takes a lot of courage to speak up for principle and fair play. And it is just this virtue that the members of the Catholic Committee of the South have found in their united efforts. Enforced segregation of the Negro, when it results in denial of basic rights to him as a human being and a Christian, is the very opposite of Catholic teaching and practice. For that reason it becomes the duty of the Church and of Catholics everywhere to use all reasonable means to destroy it as immoral and unjust. That Catholics sometimes, along with their non-Catholic fellows, are influenced by their environment and association, even to the point of betrayal of their trust as holders of the unblemished truth, may be evidenced from the following incident that took place within the past two years.

In St. Louis, Missouri, two colored girls came to pay a visit to a priest who had instructed them and received

them into the Church. "Father, we are going back home for a few months and we would like to know what to do about going to Mass." "Isn't there a Catholic church in that little Southern town?" "Yes," replied the girls, "but it is only for white people. They would run our folks out of town if we went there to Mass." The priest naturally tried to persuade them to put their fears aside and go, taking the rear pews if necessary, but all in vain. "We know these people, Father," said one of the girls. "We have worked for them. If we tried to go up there, the whole town would gang up against us; the stores wouldn't sell us anything until we would either have to get out of town or starve." A few days later the priest met a pastor from that particular neighborhood in the South and put the difficulty up to him. To his astonishment the pastor advised: "Better tell the girls, Father, that they are excused from going to Mass. I know that region and there would be trouble, if they attempted to go to church."

It was just such scandalous and uncatholic situations as the foregoing that the Catholic Committee of the South attacked in one of its press bulletins last October:

New Orleans, La.—Dixiecrat support of Jim Crow churches was the object of biting and dramatic attack in a statement supported by the Catholic Committee of the South this week.

Priests and laymen voted to back the demand of labor leaders for free churches open to all, and to bring the statement to the attention of Catholic Committee of the South units in Southern dioceses.

Drafted by Lynn Hogan, CCS archdiocesan chairman, the statement was originally made to the New Orleans Industrial Council by its Civil Rights Committee, of

The Liguorian

which Mr. Hogan is also chairman.

It was prompted by a declaration of Gov. Fielding Wright, Dixiecrat vice-presidential candidate, which stated: "If you don't want to have Negroes in your hotels, your churches and your schools—"

After quoting Gov. Wright's "equation of hotels and churches," the statement read: "Some of us are wondering how status quo Dixiecrats reconcile that attitude with the pronouncement of St. Peter: 'God is not a respecter of persons, but in every nation he who fears Him and does what is right is acceptable to Him.' (Acts X, 34)."

"Too, we are puzzled to recall these words of St. Paul: 'There is neither Jew nor Greek; there is neither slave nor free-man; there is neither male nor female. For you are all one in Christ Jesus.'" (Gal. III, 28).

After accusing status quo adherents of glossing over "grave moral issues," and ignoring "grave offenses against basic principles of human dignity," the statement suggests:

"Let us not forget to turn, for words of guidance, to men to whom moral issues are of primary concern. These are men who will tell us that the likeness of God is the same in all men, regardless of race, color or national origin . . . that upon man's likeness to God are founded man's natural rights, which are in consequence the same for all men."

The position of the Catholic Church on interracial justice in the South is very clearly stated in this bulletin of November 18, 1948:

Atlanta, Ga.—"There is no room for any difference of opinion among Catholics on the Church's goal of establishing interracial justice in this country."

That was a statement made by Rev. Vincent J. O'Connell, of New Orleans, in

a talk here last week. Father O'Connell is chairman of the Catholic Committee of the South.

Although no Catholic may deny the goal of interracial justice, there may be differences of opinion among Catholics "regarding the specific means best suited to bringing about justice in the Southland," the priest said.

Regarding federal laws and federal "intervention" in the Southern States' problems, he said: "The principles of the Catholic Church applying to governmental intervention would please neither the bureaucrat nor the Dixiecrat."

The Church's social program does not look to the federal government to solve our social and economic problems, he declared, and added: "However, no well informed man can fail to see the need of federal action at times" in social reform legislation.

"Catholic teaching on government intervention holds that when a problem exists which cannot be met, or will not be met, by non-governmental agencies, then it becomes the government's right and duty to intervene.

"However, in its intervening, the government must intend not to take over permanently, but to encourage non-government agencies and move them towards meeting the problems themselves on local or regional levels."

The press releases of the Catholic Committee of the South are noted for their brevity, vigor and simple presentation of the truth. As an example we present this bulletin on "States Rights" and "Southern Traditions":

"States Rights" and "Southern Traditions" are honorable terms when used and interpreted properly; their use can imply discredit and dishonor when they are used to distort constitutional principles or to

The Liguorian

perpetuate injustices.

"States Rights" cannot be invoked to suppress inalienable rights guaranteed by the Constitution of the United States. Among these rights are the right to vote, the right of personal safety, the right to adequate educational advantages and the right to organize freely for economic, social and cultural improvements.

The term "Southern Tradition" is misused and dishonored when it is employed to justify a continued state of unjust discrimination against the Negro laborer and privation of the Negro of the opportunity for higher education and professional training.

We firmly believe that the delicate problems involved in these issues should be met on the local community or state levels by effective and appropriate legislation in conformity with the terms of our national constitution and by the patient, sincere effort of all groups and individuals.

Opposition to regulation by federal enactment seems hypocritical and lacking solid moral foundation when states and communities have failed to right wrongs and to bring sectional law, tradition and life into harmony with constitutional statutes and the over all American way of life and tradition.

Another little gem for honesty and courage is the following:

Then, let us face up one fact squarely: a goodly number of us haven't got fully around yet to the Christian teaching that all men are essentially equal. But happily the number of converts is growing. And happily these are not bothering about whether their position is 'respectable' in the eyes of secularist minded neighbors.

Needless to say, the Catholic Committee of the South came out strongly for the goals and legislation of the civil rights proposal. Thus on the FEPC:

The civil rights legislative program has been grossly misrepresented by Dixiecrat politicians. We have heard the Fair Employment Practice Proposal, for instance, described as "a federal law permitting the government to dictate to private employers whom they should hire" and "the Joe Stalin all-race law."

Let us look at the views of so eminent a spokesman as the Most Reverend Francis J. Haas, Bishop of Grand Rapids. Here is how he sums up the FEPC, in principle:

"We should be ashamed of the little that an FEPC law would require. All that it would do is take from the employer the unwarrantable freedom which he now holds to deny a man an opportunity to earn a livelihood or improve himself, merely because his skin is black or because he belongs to a so-called minority group. Both Christian ethics and common decency require government to do its part to put an end to such injustice and inhumanity . . . It is clear that a law of this kind would place no great burden on employers or on anyone connected with industry. It would merely require them to give a Negro or any other 'minority' person what our robust American colloquialism calls 'an even break'!"

At the present time the Catholic Committee of the South is making plans for its annual convention at Lexington, Ky., May 10, 11, and 12. These yearly get-togethers have been largely responsible for the clear enunciation of social principle and the fearless though tactful fight that its members have been waging for interracial justice. As apostles of truth and fair play, they deserve the encouragement of Catholics everywhere

At the risk of going overtime, we add a portion of a letter recently received from one of the members of the C.C.S.:

The Liguorian

Dear Reverend Father:

Among the most energetic individuals in the CCS (Catholic Committee of the South) are the Rt. Rev. Msgr. T. James McNamara, of Savannah, Ga., who, with Mr. Paul D. Williams of Richmond, Va., is often credited with being one of the founders of the CCS. Msgr. McNamara presently is regional chairman of the race relations department of the CCS. Mr. Williams is head of the Southern Regional Council, with headquarters in Atlanta, Ga.

Richmond is an important center of CCS activity. There Father Thomas O'Connell is regional chairman of the labor industry department and formerly was general chairman of the CCS. Father Chester Michaels is regional chairman of the CCS department devoted to the Southern Apostolate.

Other present regional chairmen are the Very Reverend Msgr. A. Hubert Lerschen, of Rayne, La., for the CCS rural life department; Rev. Henry C. Bezou, New Orleans archdiocesan superintendent of schools, for the CCS education department; and Mr. Roger Baudier, K.S.G., of *Catholic Action of the South*, chairman of the publicity department.

Important in CCS history is the Rev. William Reintjes, C.S.S.R., who as pastor of St. Alphonsus Church in New Orleans' "Irish Channel" started a "labor school," at which union men and employers sat together to learn the Church's teaching on

labor-management problems and their Christian solutions. Rev. Vincent J. O'Connell cooperated with him, and their sessions from 1941 to 1945 were the forerunner of the Labor Relations Institute of Loyola University of the South, of which Rev. Louis Twomey, S.J., is director. Father Twomey is a member of the New Orleans CCS.

In considering mention of the CCS' labor-industry department and its activities, you should remember that CCS subscribes whole-heartedly to the warning that "without interracial justice social justice will fail." Seldom does one of the CCS "labor priests" talk to any gathering of union men without finding an occasion to include in his talk a strong reminder of the need for civil rights for all men, of the justice of the FEPC and of the irrational, dangerous, weakening and sinful policy of Jim Crow labor unions.

In fact, the very great achievement of the Catholic Committee of the South in its ten years of history has been to coordinate our social work in the South so that now the "labor priests" are "heaving on the same rope" with the interracial people and missionaries and all others endeavoring to return the South to Christ. In this activity, CCS grunts out the "heave-ho" and thus hopes to set the great rhythm of Charity through which, please God, the job will be done.

Yours sincerely,

A. J.

Holdover

Thousands of letters are sent to the Holy Father by all sorts of people from all over the world. Once, a very excited lady wrote to Pope Benedict XIV that Anti-Christ had already been born, and that he would make his first public appearance after three and a half years. She knew that from a private revelation made directly to her by God.

The Pope, who was then very advanced in age, was not perturbed. Throwing the letter into his waste basket, he said smilingly to his secretary:

"Thank God, that will be the concern of my successor."

The Humbling of a Tyrant

Sooner or later most tyrants have to walk the road of humiliation and punishment. This is called "the road to Canossa" because of the historic surrender narrated here.

H. J. O'Connell

ONE WHO reads the history of the Church with discerning eye, will notice that God's Providence has a way of placing great Popes upon the Chair of Peter in critical and troubled times. Just as today He has given us a courageous and learned Pontiff to withstand the terrible threat of atheistic communism, so, in the eleventh century, the fiery and zealous St. Gregory VII was chosen to resist the enslavement of the Church by an evil and tyrannical civil power.

Even before his election, when, with the title of "Archdeacon Hildebrand," he served as the adviser and assistant of several of his predecessors, Gregory had shown himself to be fearless, energetic, passionate for justice, the champion of order and morality, and the defender of the freedom of the Church. At this time the great St. Peter Damian called him: "the eye of the Papacy, the shield of the Roman Church, and the pillar of the Apostolic See."

Elected Pope against his will in 1073, by the spontaneous acclamation of cardinals, bishops, and people, he at once began to wage unrelenting war against the abuses that had crept into ecclesiastical affairs. At the root of many of these abuses was the odious practice of the *lay investiture* of bishops and abbots. In the course of preceding centuries, these rulers of the Church, because they were at once the most capable and the most willing to work for law and order, had been entrusted with

an important share in the civil government of various countries, especially in Germany. Many of them, too, were lords of large holdings of land. Hence, the kings began to look upon them very much as secular nobles, and tried to secure the privilege of appointing them to their dioceses and abbeys. In the feudal system, the vassal, in a special ritual, was invested with the right to his holdings by the higher lord. Following this custom, a ceremony was devised for the appointment of bishops and abbots in which the secular prince gave to the cleric the pastoral staff and ring. This is what is meant by "lay investiture."

Against this practice, the Popes and all who were sincerely interested in the welfare of the Church fought vigorously. They saw in it two great dangers. First, that the bestowing of the crosier and ring, symbols of spiritual power, might easily lead to the belief that the prince was conferring the spiritual authority itself, just as Henry VIII later claimed to do in England. And secondly, this practice could, and did, result in the choosing of unworthy men as bishops and heads of monasteries. For many of the secular lords were far more concerned with surrounding themselves with vassals who would be subservient to their will, than with the good of the Church or of souls. As one writer expressed it: "To have left to princes the investiture of bishoprics, with the significance that then attached to the act, would have been to laicize the Church,

to crush the episcopacy, and to make of the priest only a chaplain to the great."

In fact this interference of secular rulers in the election of bishops and abbots, where it prevailed, gave rise to terrible abuses. The men who were appointed by the princes were sometimes thorough rogues, immoral and scandalous in their own conduct, and without care for the spiritual welfare of their flocks. Not only that, but they shamelessly sold the lesser ecclesiastical positions to the highest bidders, without a thought of the candidates' worthiness.

The zealous soul of Gregory VII rebelled against this ravaging of God's vineyard, and he set himself from the very beginning of his pontificate to abolish lay investiture and the abuses that sprang from it. It was his burning wish, as he declared in a letter, that "for God's honor and the renovation of Christendom, there might be a true pastor in every church to rule God's people, and that the clergy, free from lay control, might be conspicuous for their virtue." As his allies in this struggle, he had only the monks, simple priests, the poor, and those few nobles who put the good of the Church above their own interest. Against him, he had most of the powerful and mighty ones of the world, princes, kings, and lords of many lands.

Chief among his opponents was the German Emperor-elect, Henry IV, a man whom his contemporaries describe as haughty, cruel, dissolute, untrue to his word, and so greedy that he shamelessly sold the ecclesiastical positions in his empire. From his conduct, it became clear that he willed to rule the Church as its master, or crush it beneath his heel.

At first, because Henry had need of the Pope's support to strengthen his

position, threatened by the rebellion of the Saxons, he professed reverence and obedience to the Holy See. But it was not long before his true attitude became evident. Having crushed the rebels, he threw off the mask, and, in defiance of all right, appointed favorites of his to the important Italian sees of Milan, Fermo, and Spoleto. Moreover, contrary to the law, he imprisoned bishops who opposed him, and chose for his advisers and legates men who had been excommunicated by the Holy See for flagrant simony.

Wishing to bring the Emperor to a sense of duty, Gregory wrote a paternal letter to him, and sent envoys to discuss the matters in dispute. Being unable to secure any promise of amendment, the Papal envoys threatened excommunication. Henry was roused to fury by this threat to his royal power, and proceeded to a step that shocked the whole Christian world. Calling an assembly of princes and bishops on whose slavish obedience he could rely, he forced them to pass a sentence of deposition on the Pope. The news of this audacious act was sent to Rome by a messenger who had the impudence to read its insulting phrases in the very presence of the Pope and his clergy, gathered in a synod. It was only when Gregory threw himself in front of the man, that the messenger was saved from being cut to pieces by the indignant Romans.

There was only one step left for the Pope to take. Reluctantly, he pronounced sentence of excommunication upon the Emperor, which implied also deposition from his throne and the release of his subjects from obedience to him. For, in the Middle Ages, no one was allowed to consort with an excommunicated person as long as he remained under the ban.

The Liguorian

When the news of the excommunication reached Germany, it produced a tremendous impression. Henry commanded one bishop to proclaim that the sentence had no force. But this prelate fled from the court, and another, who obeyed the King, died soon after in despair. One by one, the Emperor's supporters began to drop away from him. The Saxons, his perennial enemies, seized the opportunity to rebel again, and gained considerable success. But the crowning blow to Henry's cause came when the great bishops and lords of the empire assembled, on October 16, 1076, and, after deliberation, informed the Emperor that unless he disbanded his army, and submitted to the Pope by the following Candlemas, they would declare him deposed forever. Henry had to accept these terms, and retired temporarily to the town of Spire.

The princes at Tribur had requested the Pope to come to Augsburg to judge the case, and, in accordance with their wishes, he journeyed northward, stopping for a time at the impregnable castle of Canossa, the property of the great Countess Mathilda of Tuscany.

In the meantime, abandoned by his friends and without resources, Henry began to realize that his only hope of retaining the throne was to go at once to Italy, and beg release from his excommunication at the feet of the Pope. In the dead of winter, he crossed the dangerous passes of the Alps, and appeared at Canossa as a simple penitent. With bare feet, wearing a coarse woollen robe, he took his place in the courtyard of the castle, asking to be received into the Pope's presence. At first, Gregory refused to see him. For he suspected his sincerity (rightly, as later events proved), and besides, felt that the decision on the case should take place at

Augsburg before the German nobles. Nevertheless, for three days the Emperor persisted, waiting in the cold. Moved at last by the intercession of those who witnessed Henry's humiliation, especially by the prayers of the Countess Mathilda, as well as by his own kindness of heart, Gregory finally admitted the Emperor to his presence, and consented to absolve him from the censure, on condition that he abide by the Pope's later decision, and remain true to the agreement he had made with the princes at Tribur.

After Henry had sworn to all that was demanded, and had been absolved, Gregory said Mass, and gave him Holy Communion. As the Emperor knelt at the altar rail, the Pope turned around, holding the Host in his hands, and solemnly spoke the words: "If you are approaching with a good heart, and intend to observe what you have promised, may this Sacred Body be to you the salvation it was to most of the Apostles; otherwise you will receive it unworthily, and without doubt eat judgment to yourself." The King received Communion, and after Mass was entertained at a banquet in a friendly manner by the Pope.

This memorable scene at Canossa has stood for nine centuries as the symbol of the victory of moral power, justice, and right over despotism and tyranny. Nor was the importance of this victory diminished by the fact that Henry later relapsed into his evil ways. Gregory VII had given a mortal blow to the dangerous practice of lay investiture, although it was only under succeeding Popes that the fruits of his efforts were reaped, and the freedom to elect worthy pastors of souls guaranteed to the Church.



Character Test (73)

L. M. Merrill

On Carelessness

At the opposite extreme from perfectionism there is the character weakness that may be called carelessness or the habit of being content with the mediocre, slovenly and imperfect fulfillment of any task. Carelessness should not be confused with slowness of action or with mental and manual inability to do certain kinds of work well. Carelessness, as the word implies, is a character trait of those who could easily do good or even superior work, but who "do not care" to exert or extend themselves.

The origin of carelessness as a habit is usually to be found in a person's childhood. Overindulgent parents or teachers permitted him to get by with slipshod fulfillment of any tasks, or always stepped in and did most of the work in the child's stead. A careless adult seems to know that somebody will have to finish or polish up his work and clean up his mistakes, but he goes through life taking it for granted that this is the proper order of things. As his parents always did part of his work for him, so he expects others to do so throughout life.

An habitually careless person usually has his mind so fixed on the pleasures and compensations of life that, he just cannot concentrate on his work sufficiently to do a good job. During work hours he is thinking of his next fishing trip, or of movies or shows he wants to see or has seen, or of parties and dates.

Usually people who are careless about their work are quite popular socially with other people. Thus, though they need to be constantly checked and reprimanded for the slovenliness of their work, they are unconcerned about this because their friends appreciate them so highly in a social way. They don't mind losing the respect of those for whom they work because they possess the commendation of those with whom they play.

Habitually careless people need to adopt a program that will develop at least a normal degree of perfectionism in their characters. Three elements must be part of the program: 1) the awakening of a distrust of the value of popularity in the social sphere; 2) the cultivation of natural and supernatural motives for doing their work as neatly, correctly, and commendably as possible; 3) the remembrance that careless workmen will never find joy in their work, where the best joys are to be found, and will always be given only the most unrewarding of tasks. When jobs are scarce, careless people will be the first ones to become unemployed.

On Water

A persuasive little meditation on a commonplace thing that is taken for granted until it is taken away.

E. J. Kane

"WATER, water everywhere, but not a drop to drink." This sentence is not quoted from a joking reporter's account of a temperance meeting. Although Coleridge, the author, may not have known it, the first part of the line expresses a remarkable scientific truth. Early in their careers, all youthful scientists, the budding Kochs, Pasteurs, Listers and Carvers, have this truth impressed upon them: that water can be found even in the most unlikely places. Desert sand, salt and flame, are no exception. In brief it can be found everywhere, a truly God-like quality. Even without the aid of chemistry, though, we know that water is present in great abundance on the earth. Approximately four-fifths of the earth's surface is covered with it.

The very presence of such vast quantities of water on our globe has given rise to some peculiar errors in the past. For instance, the ancient Hebrew idea of the world pictured the land as an island with water above and below it. Moderns may be tempted to think that, besides the philosophical error, the former inhabitants of the earth also made a practical error. They failed to exploit the water supply for their own convenience. Our great dams: Shasta, Boulder, Coulee, are considered great forward steps in bettering the condition of mankind.

Twentieth century man may have straightened out the errors of the past, but whether he is better off than his supposedly ignorant forefathers is another question. We know now that the

earth is a relatively solid mass; we have hot water on tap within reach of our hands. But granted that we are smarter and more comfortable than our predecessors, has it been proved that we are happier than they were? Several facts tend to prove the opposite.

It is almost an historical principle that in an age and place where there is a superabundance of material wealth, the higher and nobler qualities of man are lost. We certainly have an abundance of water and surely it must be admitted that some of man's noblest and highest qualities are gone or are disappearing. It would appear that the presence of the one and the absence of the other are not mere coincidence, but that the one is the effect of the other. Most notable of the qualities washed away in the modern deluge are: The sense of man's dependence on God, true culture among the common people, and the true ideal of love.

A lack of water has almost always been a healthful spiritual medicine for whole races and for individuals. Recall the case of the primitive Jews during their forty year sojourn in the deserts of Arabia and Palestine. Despite God's nearness and goodness to them, the Jews had to be recalled frequently from the worship of idols to a realization of their dependence upon God. One of the most effective ways God had of converting them was to cut off their water supply. It did not take them long to reason from the facts that their lives depended upon water and that their water supply depended upon God to the conclusion

that their lives depended upon Him too. They were only too willing to acknowledge this fact in return for a cooling drink. Once they did admit their dependence, God's purpose was accomplished and He gave them water in abundance. It is true that all of them did not drink the dry spiritual medicine with eager gulps. Many of them cursed God for punishing them. Even in their cursing, though, they were acting as grudging witnesses to His supremacy. Why, indeed, would they curse Him if they did not know He was able to help them but seemed unwilling to do so?

But there is no need to go back to ancient history for examples. The experiences of many in the late war are enough to show how a severe lack of water can jerk a man out of religious sleep-walking or be a tonic for the normally religious. The stories of men adrift on the sea for long days without water have a remarkable likeness to the story of the ancient Jews. Such books as *We Thought We Heard The Angels Sing*, the story of Eddie Rickenbacker, *The Raft, Survivor*, are like so many Bibles transferred from the sea of sand to the sea of water. It took modern men no longer than ancient to begin calling on God when their bodies began calling for water. One of these men describes his sufferings as "the greatest adventure any man can have: that in which he finds his God." That our well-watered civilization could use such medicine and adventure is beyond a doubt. The self-sufficient modern world has not sufficiently experienced its own weakness in the face of want to bring it back to God. A little less water and a lot more of God would be an advantageous trade.

Washed down the drain with man's sense of dependence on God has gone

real culture among the common people. How so? Does not modern America own more pianos, go to more operas, buy more books, than any other nation in the history of the world? "Tis a consummation devoutly to be wished" if true. All these things could be very effective in instilling true culture. But in this case also, too much water has had its effects. Consider how fertile a source of poetic inspiration man's sources of domestic water supply have been in the past. The whisper of murmuring brooks, the quiet gurgling of sparkling springs, the deep placidity of wells, have been celebrated in poems for centuries. Such sights and sounds have stirred and still do stir the poet in even the most uneducated. But who could become lyrical over a galvanized water tank or break into song in the presence of even a lavender wash basin? The best that our century has produced is the silly lyric: "Bloop, Bleep, the Faucet's Dripping." Many readers may have already forgotten the tune. If so, they are only the forerunners of millions who will still be singing "The Old Oaken Bucket" when "Bloop, Bleep" will be on display in some musical museum as an oddity of the twentieth century. Sentiment and sinks are simply incompatible. Our marriage with the one has broken our union with the other.

There may be room for argument about the loss of true culture. No one will deny, though, that something has gone violently wrong with the outlook of the modern social body. The heartbeat of the social body is now measured in three-quarter time and the social brain is almost psychotic. It has the fixed idea that romantic love is the only important thing in life. How has too much water influenced the situation?

The Liguorian

It works something like this. The drive behind the invention and installation of modern water systems, water power, and luxurious bathrooms is the desire for physical comfort. Fundamentally, this is a good desire and a legitimate one. A psychological study of desires, however, shows three things: first, that man is never fully satisfied with the material comforts he possesses and is constantly tortured with new desires and with the erroneous idea that the next object of desire will give him total satisfaction; secondly, each time a material desire is satisfied, the force of the next desire is increased; thirdly, if a man satisfies all his material desires on earth, he is led to desire sinful things.

The abundant water supply that modern man has on tap, and that he has harnessed into power for producing so many other things that he desires, has satisfied a legitimate desire for bodily comfort, but without giving complete happiness. Not giving complete happiness, it makes man look around for something else that will. Since he has been deprived, by most of his education and environment, of the true notion that his full happiness can be found only in spiritual things, he is inclined to look to the physical aspect and bodily pleasure of romantic love for happiness, and the leisure and conveniences brought him by modern material progress give him all the time he wants for love-making. In former times, a trip to the well may have given lovers an opportunity for a few minutes alone, but since there was always the bucket to be carried back to the house,

they had a practical reminder that love was not all of life nor life all love. Without such down-to-earth reminders, the error that romantic love is everything has crept into all age groups. With what results? The young and unmarried think that love is life. Result: unmarried mothers. The married want love to be all of life. Result: birth control and abortion. The husband and wife grown weary of each other, want a new love and a more satisfying love. Result: divorce and broken homes. Probable result for all: an eternity of hate for trying to make love something it was never intended to be. If city reservoirs were suddenly to go dry, and the skies to drop no water for months and the rivers and streams to dry up, it is almost certain that the process would be reversed and people would begin to think that perhaps God is the one on whom not only their water supply but their happiness as well depends.

What is to be done about staying the flood of destruction? Dynamite the dams? Raze the reservoirs? Clog the cisterns? Hardly. God ordered men to "fill the earth and subdue it." Our control and increase and use of water is entirely in line with that command. But we need another Noah to float us safely through, an angel to stir this pool of Bethesda and make it curative. In short, we need Christ to take us by the hand as He did Peter and walk us safely to solid land. This done, all the waters of the earth will become like the miraculous springs of Lourdes and Fatima, leading many to faith in and love of God, the only sources of true culture, of happiness, and of salvation.

Handy Definitions

Highbrow—A person educated beyond his intelligence.

Bore—A man who talks about himself, when you want to be talking about yourself.

Specialist—One who knows more and more about less and less.

BIBLICAL PROBLEMS (26)

E. A. Mangan

"Call No Man Father"

Problem: Our Lord says in Matthew, 23:9: "Call no one your father on the earth; for one is your father, who is in heaven." Is it not wrong, therefore, for Catholics to call the priest by the name "Father"?

Solution: It would make an absurdity out of Our Lord's words thus to apply them to every use of the name "Father." From many texts and scenes in the Bible we know that Our Lord accepted the common practices and usages of His times; titles that were commonly used and acknowledged, He used and acknowledged. His own foster-father is repeatedly called "His father" in the Bible, even though he was a mere human being and only a foster-father. One of the ten commandments, which he repeated often, was "Honor thy father and thy mother." If the command in the text above were to be taken literally, then the fourth command would have to be taken out of the decalogue.

One of the first principles of interpretation of texts of the Bible is this: If the common literal sense would lead to silly conclusions, then the figurative sense must be accepted as the one intended. It would obviously be silly to outlaw the use of the name "Father" as regards anyone except God. At the same time, the whole passage in which the text above occurs is a figurative passage. What Our Lord was warning His followers against was the imitation of the Pharisees and pagans, especially in their practice of attaching themselves to wealthy and influential patrons in order to advance themselves in a worldly way. The Pharisees practically lived for the outward honors and reverence they received from the common people who looked to them for favors, and they demanded this excessive honor as if it were of more importance than the ten commandments. Instead of saying: "Do not imitate the pride of the Pharisees nor the servility of their worldly followers," Our Lord phrased His advice in the form of the beautiful figures in the long passage of St. Matthew's Gospel, chapter 23, verses 5-12 in which the text above appears. The whole is a warning against pride, and ends with the celebrated passage; "He who exalts himself will be humbled, and he who humbles himself will be exalted."

The Unsalariated Class

One place where the profit motive is absolutely dead, and men and women have no care for money.

E. F. Miller

THERE IS only one outfit in the world in which multitudes of highly trained personnel work for nothing. Nothing in a material sense. They work for a reward, it is true. But it is not the kind of reward that can be measured in dollars and cents. The Communists call it pie in the sky. So be it. It is pie in the sky; and it is real pie. As for salaries according to the latest union scale, they do not bother. All they want is enough to live on: clothes, a roof over their heads (if possible), and sufficient calories to keep body and soul together. Nor are they unhappy in this arrangement. The strange part of it is, they have chosen it of their own free will. Nobody put a head lock on them to force their consent. Nobody threatened them with concentration camps if they insisted on receiving current wages. Cheerfully they do their work and are paid only in raw essentials.

This outfit is the organization of Catholic foreign missionaries. It carries on a hundred different types of work. But every type has but one purpose—to help people who need help and would not receive it otherwise. The primary end of their existence, of course, is to show souls the way to heaven. In view of the fact that there is nothing more important in life than reaching heaven, and that there are many forces at large making it hard for people to get to heaven, no man can dedicate himself to a worthier cause than the defeat of the contrary forces and victory for souls.

This does not mean that Catholic

foreign missionaries confine themselves entirely to the work of saving souls. Bodies have their place in the scheme of things too. And oftentimes poorly tended bodies can be the cause of poorly tended souls. Therefore, missionaries make it a point to get at the souls through the bodies.

They erect hospitals and borrow, beg and pray for supplies to maintain them with modern efficiency and success. They treat thousands and thousands of patients for every disease under the sun and get paid for it in thanks if in anything at all. All they want is the means to keep going. Whether they show a neat profit at the end of the year or not is immaterial. They feed the poor. They give refuge to the homeless. They take care of orphans. They are on hand in famines and floods and fires. They remain at their posts when barbarian invaders threaten their lives. They live and die for the people to whom they came and for whom they left their homes and all things dear. It is unique. It is almost unnatural. It is certainly supernatural.

There are many other organizations set up for the purpose of helping people. The March of Dimes. The Red Cross. The Cancer Research Society. They do wonderful work. But most of the workers receive salaries. Some of the workers receive pretty fair salaries. It is just. The worker is worthy of his hire. When a drive is held in order to promote the work of one of these fine organizations, a percentage of all the money that comes in must be marked

off for salaries. The rest goes to promote the work. That is one of the reasons for setting so high a dollar goal in these campaigns. It takes money to maintain offices and to support large staffs who keep the books in the offices. These people have no vow of poverty. They cannot be expected to work for nothing. That is especially true if their belief in God is vague. To cure a cancer is one thing. To cure a cancer out of love for God is something entirely different. It is only the latter who can be completely unconcerned about salary and material recompense.

What is the equipment, the training of persons who are so altruistic, so contrary in their actions to the accepted way of doing things? Are they ignorant, uneducated individuals? Men and women who are not used to the ordinary amenities of life and who therefore do not need very much in order to be contented? The Indians who roamed the forests of primeval North America had no need of salaries because they did not know any better. Yet, they seemed to be happy. Perhaps the Catholic missionaries are like that. But they are not like that. They are men and women of thorough education and high attainments. Many of them have university degrees. All of them have special training, gained through long years of preparation and study. Many of them have brilliant minds that would have carried them far had they selected a vocation in business or a profession instead of among natives on forgotten islands. All of them have made a complete study of spiritual things, becoming experts in the movements of the soul, even the souls of black and brown and yellow people. All of them have burned out of their hearts mere human desires by strict discipline, endured over a period of time, for the purpose

of forgetting self in the service of others.

Who are these people? The boy you used to see peddling papers after school. The girl you used to admire as being so pretty. The young man who was the best football player on the high school team. The young lady who had admirers by the score to pay her court. Americans, all of them. Typical Americans, with a love of games and dancing and a good time. Healthy Americans with that scrubbed look and idealistic outlook. Normal people, having no need for the services of psychiatrists or psychoanalysts.

And yet, in another sense, they are untypical Americans. Americans do not like pain. They are so used to a high standard of living, that anything, no matter what it is, that causes inconvenience is distasteful. Suffering must be done away with at all costs. The day of the superman must be hastened when all men, or at least all Americans, will be little gods themselves. No more headaches. No more hang-overs, no matter how much cheer was imbibed the night before. No more cancers or tubercles in the lungs. The ethic of many Americans is: that which causes pain is bad. Whatever makes for health and the ability to enjoy a good time physically is intrinsically good. Therefore, stay away from such places as might bring disease upon you. Stay away from places where there are filth and dirt and running sores. Catholic missionaries have turned traitor to this American creed.

They are really Americans who have seen a vision—a vision in the figurative sense. Of a sudden they have looked upon a man who was blind and have seen in that man another man whose name was Christ. They have beheld the lame and the halt and the dumb.

The Liguorian

And immediately they forgot the man and remembered God. And a mighty sympathy swept over them like the waves of an ocean. They would take Christ from His cross. They would bathe His wounds and assuage His thirst. They would stand afar off no longer, but would take up their station beneath the tree on which their God was hanging. "I was hungry and you fed me. I was thirsty and you gave me to drink. I was naked and you clothed me. For whatsoever you did to anyone of these, my least brethren, you did it unto Me."

That is the fundamental reason why the Catholic foreign missionaries can work until they drop, and that without salary or any desire for salary. They are doing it for Christ. And Christ will be their reward. Only a simpleton would compare the reward of a few dollars or even a lot of dollars with the reward that awaits the good and faith-

ful servant when the heats and the burdens of the day are over. It may sound strange, even fantastic to the pagan, especially to the American pagan. But it is true. Let him look around every foreign field in the world. He will find American men and women doing exactly that which is spoken of in these pages.

And there can be no doubt about it but that some day the pie in the sky will be served up. What a joke on the Communists and the others who go along with the Communists in their ideas concerning religion, when it is discovered that after all it really is pie. Or rather, that there is pie in spite of all the jokes that were cracked about it. The sad part of it is that these latter will not be cut in on the feast. They said they didn't want any pie. They said they didn't believe in pie. That there wasn't any pie. Well, they shall have it their way.

Mental Cases

At least 30,000,000 persons in the United States require some form of mental hygiene treatment, according to Prof. Esther Lloyd-Jones, head of Columbia university's teachers college.

But that isn't all. There are an additional 20,000,000 to 30,000,000 people who are border-line cases, that is, people who have transient emotional disturbances and who might be aided by psychiatric treatment.

What Professor Esther Lloyd-Jones means is that there are about 60,000,000 men and women in the country who are either entirely off base or just partially so. Thus, every second person you meet on the street or whom you bring into your home must be watched carefully lest an emotional disturbance break out and cause trouble. Or maybe you yourself are one of the 60,000,000. Miss Esther says that only 5% of the psychoneurotics are receiving psychiatric treatment. One of the other 95% could very easily be you.

It would be interesting to find out who amongst our population is completely sane. That is, according to the mental hygiene people. Undoubtedly there are different standards for judging sanity and insanity. There are some who think that all the mystics were psycho cases. Thus, all who are truly striving to become saints would be part of the 60,000,000. One psychiatrist we know put down Joan of Arc as a schizophrenic.

Mental processes are still a dark secret. And that includes the mental processes of many who pass judgment on mental processes.



Thoughts for the Shut-in

L. F. Hyland

On Talking About One's Troubles

To what extent should a sick person permit himself to tell others about his troubles, his symptoms, his aches and pains? The answer to this question must take into account two extremes that are to be avoided. The middle course between the extremes will be the right one.

On the one hand, the sick and disabled will often have to resist the temptation to talk too much about the ups and downs of their physical condition. The temptation is a natural one, because the shut-in is alone with himself and his pain so much of the time, and has so few opportunities for distraction and interest in other things.

Sometimes, too, a shut-in develops a kind of morbid gratification in talking endlessly about the symptoms that manifest themselves in his body and the fears of future pains that enter his mind. To offset the normal temptation and the abnormal tendency to talk excessively about the state of his health, the shut-in should remember that by this fault he can make himself very boring to those who visit him or take care of him, and can eventually add neurasthenia to whatever physical disability he happens to labor under.

The opposite extreme would be for the shut-in to be so silent and reticent about his physical condition that not even doctors and nurses would have enough knowledge of it rightly to prescribe. It would be a false sense of humility, modesty or resignation, or a giving in to egotistic taciturnity, that would inspire the complete concealment of pain or other symptoms that doctors and nurses should know.

It would also be contrary to charity for a patient to refuse to tell the members of his family and his intimate friends anything about the actual state of his health. Such persons are sincere when they ask: "How are you today?" and the shut-in should not hesitate to give a true and, whether encouraging or not, a cheerful answer. If he has spiritually accepted his suffering as the will of God, designed to help him to atone for his own sins or for the sins of others, he will very probably have the right attitude as to how much he should say to others about what he is having to endure.

Christ and the Devil

The strange encounter of Christ with Satan, in the desert where He had fasted forty days and forty nights.

R. J. Miller

And when He had fasted forty days and forty nights, afterwards He was hungry. And the tempter coming, said to Him: "If thou be the Son of God, command that these stones be made bread." Who answered and said: 'It is written: Not in bread alone does man live, but in every word that proceedeth from the mouth of God.'

Picture the dramatic scene of this first encounter face to face of the Hero and the villain in the story of the human race.

The forty days are over; forty days of hunger, loneliness, cold; of persecution in the form of wild fantastic apparitions on the rocky barren slopes and in the caverns of the "mountain of temptation." The Hero, the Human Being of all human beings, plainly shows the effects of His long ordeal. Seated on some boulder at the entrance to one of the caves (as we may picture Him), His emaciated form and features, wasted by hunger, trembling with cold and sleeplessness, are hardly such as the ordinary human being would expect to see in the glorious Hero of his race, or in God Almighty in human form. Of power and glory there is hardly a trace; in their stead, weakness to an extreme degree, and the humiliating effects of His privations and sufferings.

To Him, then, behold "the tempter coming." Who is this "tempter?" Why did he come? Why did the Human Being let him come?

It is fashionable to depict the devil

as a gentleman of impeccable manners, who loves a good time and is willing to strike a bargain with human beings, guaranteeing them earthly happiness over a period of time on condition that they make certain concessions to him as regards their souls in the world to come.

Such a picture of the devil may not be quite so childish as the mistake of closing one's eyes to his existence altogether, but it is completely false nevertheless.

The devil has no "manners," in the sense that "manners" mean respect for the opinions and interests of others. The devil is "Satan"—the adversary, the obstructor, the destructive one, bent only on tearing down, causing hatred, breaking hearts and homes, with no respect for human feeling, human effort or accomplishment; with nothing but calculated malice for everything that human beings hold sacred or dear. Everything he does is done out of malice, mockery, and hatred; by his own free choice he is *confirmed in evil*. Given the choice between good and evil, God and anti-God, he freely chose anti-God; and "he got what he wanted."

He got "anti-God," and now he wants anti-God with an implacable, fierce fixity of malice. It means to him no peace, no happiness, no beauty, nothing whatever of the good things of God's creation: but he wants it. He knows that God is infinitely lovely; and he hates Him. He knows that he was destined for heaven, and he would not take heaven as a gift, except on his own terms; except, that is, heaven

without God, without joy and beauty and love and even life. "He was a murderer from the beginning," is the way Jesus Christ Himself describes him—not an elegant gentleman, not distinguished by considerateness and good manners, but "a murderer" who comes only "to steal, and to kill, and to destroy."

And he does not "love a good time" in the sense of liking to see people happy. He hates to see anyone happy. Even his fellow devils are the objects of his malevolent hatred, jealousy, ill-will.

Not many years ago a public exorcism was being held over a possessed person in China. In the course of the exorcism, this person—only a child, by the way—was seen looking with the most malignant hatred towards a certain corner of the room, and saying in a deep man's voice, in accents of rage and malice: "How I hate him!" There was nothing to be seen in this part of the room, however; so the priest conducting the exorcism asked: "Who is it you hate?" The reply was startling: "that other devil over there!"

There is no "honor among thieves" in hell. The urge to inflict pain, wreck plans, foil and fool and mock others which impels the devils in their attacks on human beings, is the guiding spirit also in the mutual relations of the demons and the damned.

No, Satan is no friend of human happiness, to any slightest possible degree, or for any consideration whatsoever. He is literally "*The enemy of the human race.*" If he could, he would make every moment of every human being a seething riot of misery. And if he does at times allow some happiness to his victims, it is only in order to make sure that he will be able to inflict greater misery on them eventually;

and once he feels sure of his victim, he even deprives him of the miserable satisfaction of enjoying his own sins in this life.

Nor is he willing to guarantee happiness to human beings by a bargain, and stand by his bargain, literary legends to the contrary notwithstanding. "The truth is not in him; he is a liar, and the father of lies," said Christ again. A bargain with the devil is a bargain made with a liar; it is no bargain, but a mocking betrayal.

Such was "the tempter" who now appeared before Our divine Lord. Why did he come?

He came in the first place by the permission of God. This lying enemy of mankind and of all human happiness never tempts any human being except by God's permission, and to the extent that God allows. In the story of Job, Satan first took away all his possessions and killed his children, but could not touch Job himself, because God had given him permission in these terms: "Behold, all that he hath is in thy hand; only touch not his person." Later, he afflicted Job with sickness, but could not kill him, because God had said: "Behold, he is in thy hand; but yet save his life."

In the desert, then, during the forty days, Satan was permitted to tempt Our Lord "all the time." The early Church writer Origen says these temptations were so great as to be indescribable. Probably they consisted in something like a continual series of ferocious apparitions, diabolical howlings, and intolerable stench.

But all these wild temptations gave Satan no satisfaction, even though they had the effect of wearing down Our Lord's physical strength to an extreme degree. And so, at the end of the forty days Satan was permitted to approach

Him and tempt Him as once long centuries before he had tempted our first parents in the garden of paradise.

Satan knew, says St. Ambrose, that God was to become man. He knew that God had determined to become "the new Adam"; the new Hero of the human race, the new Human Being, with the mission of repairing the damage done by Adam's sin. What Satan did not know was the manner in which God had determined to accomplish this mission, namely, by the mystery of suffering, weakness, humiliation, the cross. If he, or any of the "princes of this world" had known this mystery, says St. Paul, "they would never have crucified the Lord of glory," because it was to mean the end of their own tyrannical reign over souls.

But Satan had some reason to suspect that in Our Lord he had found God become man. He knew that he was good and holy. He had heard the voice from heaven at Christ's baptism saying: "This is My beloved Son, in Whom I am well pleased."

But what baffled Satan, and made it almost impossible for him to believe that Christ was truly God, was the condition of weakness in which he saw Him at the end of the forty days. If this was "the Human Being," the King of power and glory, the one destined to have the Gentiles, for His inheritance, where was the power? Where was the glory? What chance, what sign was there He would ever be King of Kings? Satan ruled the world by tyranny, pomp and ostentation; he knew no other way. He expected the new Adam, the Human Being, to share his ambition, and struggle with him for the souls of men on his own grounds. And seeing no indication whatever that this particular Human Being was going to offer him competition in this way, his suspicions or fears had

been allayed, and he approached Him in the three temptations not with the design of finding out the truth one way or the other but of proving to his own satisfaction that this weakling was *not* the Son of God.

At the same time, while it seemed incredible to Satan that this famished, shivering shadow of a man could be the true Son of God, there was the possibility (he thought) that without being God's Son, He might somehow be the promised Messiah, the Christ, the Holy One of God. Such was to be the outcry of the demons in the bodies of possessed persons later in Our Lord's life.

And with such a possibility in mind, Satan was impelled more maliciously than ever to attack Him. It presented a delightful prospect of doing damage, tearing down, wrecking, defacing, despoiling, dethroning one of the "holy ones of God." Apparently this famished skeleton in the desert was starving Himself out of some kind of obedience to God, some trust in His "Heavenly Father." Well, I can do something about that (such would have been Satan's line of malice). I had some success once before in a similar case; that original couple in the garden were "holy ones of God"; and they were under obedience, too: they were not to eat of a certain tree. I had very little trouble there: my technique worked to perfection. First an appeal to hunger: Did God say: "You shall not eat of any tree of the garden?" Then to vanity: "Your eyes will be opened!" Then, the clinching solicitation, to the height of pride and ambition: "You will be like God, knowing good and evil!"

So with this Human Being. He cannot be God; but if in some way He is the second Adam, I shall ensnare Him and dethrone Him as I did the first. He is

hungry: very well, "give us a sign of Your power (if you really are the 'Son of God') and save Yourself from starvation at the same time! Work a miracle of power, and save your life!" Then follow up that with an appeal to vanity, ostentation, presumption. I shall take him to some public place, and say: "Leap from this height; surely the Lord will not let His Holy One perish; give us a sign of your glory! What an impression it will make on the people to see you saved miraculously!" And finally, I can present Him with some wild offer of kingdoms and ambition: "If you want the Gentiles for your inheritance, bow down before me, and I'll give them to You!" If he is fool enough to fall for that, He is mine beyond a doubt!

Such was the approach of Satan to the temptations. But why did Our Lord allow him to vent his malice in this manner? Why did He humble Himself so unspeakably to this vile adversary, when He could have broken his power and chained him down by a single word of command, without submitting to the humiliation?

The answer is that God could have indeed broken Satan's power and redeemed man by His power only. Such a road was open to Him when He decided to save the human race. But it was not the road He chose. In His wisdom and His gracious mercy, He took instead the way of the cross. The souls of men which He created by His power, He chose to redeem by His labors, His sweat and tears and blood.

The inheritance of the Gentiles was to be His not merely as a gift from His Father, but as payment and reward of a lifetime of valiant struggle and suffering.

This was the "mystery" which Satan could not or would not understand. How

God Almighty could lower Himself to become a shivering human being on the verge of starvation,—that was simply too much for the demon of pomp and pride to accept.

But it was exactly the way Our Lord wanted it. He wanted it because it was the way of humility, of merit, the way of Adam; the way that Adam should have followed in the garden of Eden. In the desert, He wished in a sense to retrace Adam's steps in the garden; and where Adam had fallen and brought down the whole human race crashing to ruin, He wished to be victorious and raise up mankind to a new and more glorious life.

With this in mind, He gladly went out into the desert. St. Ambrose even says that His reason for doing so was precisely to challenge or provoke the devil to attack Him. He was like a masterful animal trainer, confidently entering the beast's cage and daring it to crouch and spring at Him. And Origen describes Him as setting forth into the desert "like an athlete eagerly striding into the arena."

The devil foolishly accepted the challenge, and, like an animal, crouched and sprang, crouched and sprang again in the three temptations at this holy one, this lamb of God. But somehow, his attacks fell short. The technique seemed to have lost its effectiveness; and finally, after one particularly vicious attack, the affair was brought to an abrupt close. As if the divine "animal trainer" had had enough of the exercise for the day, He issued a curt command, "Begone, Satan!" and at once the three temptations were over. The new Adam had triumphantly succeeded where the old Adam had failed. His first encounter with Satan had ended in a magnificent victory for the Human Being.



Side Glances

By the Bystander

Cardinal Suhard, in his Easter pastoral letter of 1948, published in English in the February, 1949, issue of *Integrity*, names *anthropocentrism* as the great death-dealing poison of our time. By this *anthropocentrism* he means the attitude that man is the center of the universe, not God; that God is to be at the service of humanity, not humanity at the service of God; that there is no sense in study to know God as He is in Himself, because it is only important to know all about man; above all, that man has to make up his own code of morality just as if God had made no laws for man, neither in the act of creating him nor in making known His will through revelation. In other words, the great heresy, the great madness, one may say, of our time is that of trying to make God into the image and likeness of man, instead of recognizing that man is the image of God. It is no longer accepted that the only wisdom is in knowing God, listening to God, and obeying God. The highest wisdom is thought to be that of knowing men's opinions, listening to men's views, obeying the suggestions of men.

This is so important a matter to understand, not only in a wide social sense for the good of mankind, but also in a more narrow sense for the good of individual men, that the bystander here presents some of the concrete manifestations of *anthropocentrism* that have become a part of the so-called culture of the times. Perhaps the most evil and deceptive of these is the practice of taking polls of individual human beings in order to draw a moral or even a theological conclusion out of a majority opinion. We are not referring here to polls concerning practical issues such as elections, or concerning

the likes and dislikes of people on unimportant matters such as dress styles, amusements, eating habits, etc. We mean polls that ask individuals to make or unmake moral laws for mankind. Of this sort of thing there have been many examples in recent times. The women of America have been polled by a national magazine as to whether birth-prevention should be, or is, prohibited by the moral law, or whether it should be promoted and favored as a great boon to society. The physicians of the State of New York have been polled as to whether it is lawful or desirable or forbidden to make a practice of murdering the incurably ill or the congenitally malformed. What is said to such individuals when they are asked to set down their views in polls of this kind would sound as follows, if it were put into words: "You are human beings. You are very intelligent. In fact, yours is the only intelligence in the world. There is no higher authority than yours to decide what is good or bad, what is right or wrong for mankind. Therefore, legislate; make a law; tell the world what is right or wrong."

Perhaps the most insidious example of this poll-taking technique for the making of morals is to be found in the Kinsey report on the sex habits of American males, which is to be followed by an equally insidious report on the sex habits of American females. It is insidious because the author asserts that he does not intend to draw conclusions as to what is right and wrong in the use of sex, but only to show what is being done about sex by the majority of men. Yet the whole tone of the book, and many explicit suggestions and recommendations, reveal the hidden purpose of making the findings some kind of a measure

of law for human beings. The evil in this poll is multiplied incredibly by the fact that it is not even, according to the best experts in the science of measuring public opinion, a scientifically authentic test of individual opinion. This is proved by the fact that Kinsey and his two associates in the work of interviewing individual males as to the sex history of their lives, have come up with widely divergent conclusions. In regard to one specific practice, for example, on which all three investigators examined the same types, Kinsey's figure for the prevalence of the practice was four times greater than that of one of his associates, and twice that of the other. The important point, however, is that even if the poll were unchallengeable in method and accurate in its conclusions as to fact (which it is far from being), it would still be but one more example of *anthropocentrism*, i.e., making man the center of the universe, his practices the measure of law, his views, expressed in word or in action, the supreme test of morality.

•

Anthropocentrism is also evident in the worship that is given to the opinions of human beings who have achieved some success or notoriety, even when they speak on moral or religious topics that are entirely outside their field. If Westbrook Pegler says that trade unionism is intrinsically evil and extrinsically corrupt, there are many who will accept this moral judgment because Pegler makes a couple of thousand dollars a week writing a syndicated column. For them there is no higher wisdom or authority to teach them differently. If a famous movie star states that she owes her fame to following the principles of astrology, there are thousands who will pay money to star-gazing fakes for guidance in their own lives; the movie star has convinced them of a religion. If the president of a multi-million dollar corporation states publicly that there is no hell, there are innumerable dupes who will

quote this as if it settles the problem once and for all. *Anthropocentrism* therefore manifests itself in the fact that millions of people are willing to take their moral and religious principles either from the majority opinion of many human beings, or from the say-so of a single celebrated human being. Some don't know where else to look for truth in these matters; many more don't want to look elsewhere for truth in these matters.

•

Anthropocentrism got its start in history from the Protestant Reformation, when the first "reformer" laid down the principle that "every man's private judgment and private opinion are supreme in matters of morality or religion." Of course, the reformers did keep the Bible as an objective norm, but by authorizing every individual man to interpret it as he saw fit or right or good or useful, it was destroyed as a norm, and the individual became the maker of his own religion. *Anthropocentrism* can be cured only by *theocentrism*, i.e., the attitude that recognizes God as the center of the universe, that looks to God for the truth about man, that submits to God in all things in which He has made His will known. God has made His will known, to those who want to know it, in two ways. First, by so fashioning human beings, when He made them out of nothing, that certain laws of conduct are obvious as universally and unchangeably binding upon them. Sex, about which Kinsey and his friends are so concerned, is an example. There is a law evident in the very nature, the very purposes, the very pleasures of sex. Men cannot vote that law out of existence any more than they can vote sex out of man. It doesn't matter whether Kinsey or anybody else finds that fifty percent or ninety percent of all males have syphilis, or are unfaithful to their wives or have visited brothels, or anything else. The law of sex is clear in the nature of sex, no matter how many people break

The Liguorian

or disregard the law. The second way in which God has made His will known is through revelation, first, to His chosen people in the Old Testament, and then through Jesus Christ, His Son in the New, and through the Church His Son founded to preserve and promulgate His Will to the end of time. On many of the ques-

tions about which men are taking polls or listening to columnists and tycoons, Jesus Christ the Son of God has spoken, and what He has said is the only thing that matters. To accept that is to be *theocentric*, a wise man, a good man, a happy man, in the midst of dupes, charlatans and fools.

The Art of Deceiving

Some pertinent observations on advertising in America are made by the excellent Catholic Labor newspaper, *Work*:

The Federal Trade Commission charges that one out of twenty newspaper advertisements is misleading.

Investigation proved that the mail order catalogues are most truthful in their ads — only 238 out of 14,239 pages were found to be questionable.

In many ads coined words help to create the impression that the article advertised contains something it does not really contain. Thus, for example, hack-saw blades may be advertised as containing "tungsteel."

A French name for a perfume does not necessarily mean the perfume comes from Paris, though that is the impression the advertiser wants to create.

Beware of words like "indestructible", "heavy-duty", "wear-longer". Maybe they mean what they say and maybe they don't. Better than such vague terms is the assurance that the article in question is "solid mahogany" or "100% wool." Promises like these can be checked.

Commodore's Prayer

Sir James Bissett, commodore of the Cunard-White Star fleet and commander of the Queen Elizabeth, in his autobiography quotes the following little versified "prayer" as one of his favorites:

Give me a good digestion, Lord, also something to digest,
Give me a healthy body, Lord, with sense to keep it at its best.
Give me a healthy mind, Lord, to keep the pure and good in sight,
Which, seeing sin, is not appalled, but finds a way to set it right.
Give me a mind that is not bound, that does not whimper, whine or sigh,
Don't let me worry overmuch about that funny thing called I.
Give me a sense of humor, Lord, give me the grace to see a joke,
To get some happiness out of life, and pass it on to other folk.

If to console you for being born, you must meet with men whose most secret motives are always actuated by fine and elevated feelings, you need not wait, you may go and drown yourself immediately. But if you would be satisfied with a few men whose actions are in general governed by these motives, and a large majority who from time to time are influenced by them, you need not make such faces at the human race.

—De Tocqueville



Catholic Anecdotes

Rendezvous With a Lady

This is a story about the conqueror-emperor, Napoleon, that has often been repeated, but it is worth repeating again in the month of Mary.

When at the crest of his power, Napoleon one evening was attending the theatre in Paris. Seated in his box, his attention wandered from the stage and he began to study the faces of those around him. A young man who acted as his personal attendant was seated next to him, and the Emperor noticed that he seemed to pay no attention to the play, and kept his hands hidden under his coat, which lay across his knees.

After observing him for a moment, Napoleon suddenly put his hand under the coat, and discovered in the boy's fingers a rosary.

The young man flushed, expecting a reprimand or a sarcastic remark of some kind, for it was a time when the Emperor was riding roughshod over his early Catholic beliefs, having recently entered into an illegal second marriage.

But he only smiled and said:

"Ah, Raoul, I have caught you! But I am pleased, and I like you all the better for it. You have no use for the silly scenes being played before us. One day you will be a great man."

And giving back the rosary to its owner, he added:

"Continue, for I love the rosary, and I will not interrupt you again."

The young man later became Cardinal Archbishop of Paris.

Recommendation

A poor old bed-ridden woman, who had struggled hard to raise her family

decently amid poverty and constant struggle with a drunken husband, once had a dream which in all simplicity she afterwards related to her friends as follows:

I dreamt I was going home from work in the fields, all shabby and dirty, and as I went along, a most beautifully dressed lady overtook me and said: "We're going the same way; I'll walk with you." I was so ashamed, being in rags but we went on together until we came to a beautiful house.

The lady rang the bell, and we were both admitted.

"Whatever place is this?" I said. "Surely it must be heaven."

"It's not heaven," the lady said. "It is the waiting room to heaven. You had better wait here just inside the door, while I talk to the man in charge."

So I sat down, and she walked over to a man, and I saw at once that it was our Saviour. The lady began to talk loud and fast, and told Him how much she had done to improve the lot of the poor. But I noticed that our Lord didn't answer her a word.

Then I said to myself: "Oh, what will I say when I am called before Him. I never did anyone any good, and I'm so wretched and poor."

And at that very moment our Saviour got up from His chair and came over to where I was sitting and put His hand on my shoulder and said with great gentleness:

"When did you ever hear that I despised anyone because he was poor?" There is a good moral in this simple little story for anyone who is willing to take it.



Pointed Paragraphs

Mothers' Day Monologue

A mother is a delegate of God. Even though she bears a child for nine months within her own body, and is responsible for it throughout its helpless years, she could never really give life to a child. The life of a child is its soul, which is spiritual and immortal. God gives the life to a child by creating its immortal soul.

That is why a mother is rightly called a delegate of God. She is delegated to provide for the life of what she calls her child, though it is rightly God's child and hers. More God's than hers, because God provided the soul. But God delegates her to provide even for the immortal soul that He created and confided to her.

A breath-taking responsibility, this. One that no woman would ever assume, did not God lend to mothers some of His own immeasurable love. We know what it means to say "God is love" when we look at good mothers. Their unique love is God's love, lent to their hearts when He delegated them to take care of a freshly created soul united to a body that makes a child.

As delegates of God, mothers must in turn delegate some of their duties to others. Sometimes to physicians, as when their child is sick. Often to guardians of the law, who must protect them on the streets and at play. For long periods to teachers fitted to instruct children in things they need to know. No school teacher may ever dare to teach a child except as a delegate of its mother, who is a delegate of God.

Therein lies the thought that is heavy on our mind on Mothers' Day. How many mothers delegate their authority (which is God's) to teachers who can provide what the souls of their children need as well as their bodies and minds? How many have delegated their authority (which is God's) to teachers who may not even speak to a child about its soul or about God?

The only good mother in the world is the one who knows that she is but the delegate of God, and who, in turn, delegates her authority to others with God's part of her child and God's purposes for her child in mind.

Fanatics of Bigness

An architect in Cleveland has suggested to the mayor of his city that he sponsor the erection in that city of a seven billion dollar apartment house, according to a plan he has already drawn up. The building would have 440 stories, 50 schools, 50 movie theatres, 50 nightclubs, 20 churches, 10 hospitals, 10,000 offices, and 300 elevators, all beneath the same roof, which would be one mile high.

It is probably a preposterous idea, but the very fact that it could even be suggested proves how virulent is the American disease that we may call a mania for bigness. Those afflicted with it can never be happy until they have produced the biggest thing of its kind in existence. Since there is no absolute maximum in bigness, they cannot even be happy then; as soon as they have achieved the biggest yet, somebody else starts planning something bigger.

The disease has already gone far enough among apartment house builders to blight millions of lives. Human beings were made to enjoy sunlight, fresh air, green grass, trees, gardens, singing birds and the feel of mother earth beneath their feet. Yet the feet of millions pound only terrazzo corridors and concrete pavements; the eyes of millions catch glimpses of the sky only through the slits between buildings and the squares of windows; the children of millions have never romped on grass nor had space enough around them to fly a kite. That is why we have so many dull-eyed, weak-spined, mechanical-minded, hand-helpless, soul-dwarfed specimens of the race. They can run elevators, turn on radios, cook by remote control, and talk through telephones. But they cannot tell a dandelion from a jonquil.

There are too many colossal apartment houses now. Too many people in them who have never seen a cow or a wild rose or a dusty country road. Too many children who have never rolled down a hill nor waded through a creek. In God's name, let's find an inoculation against the disease of fascination for crowding people together in huge apartment houses.

Dramatizing The Figures

A frequent headline in the daily papers during or after a strike called by a labor union is a total figure of all the wages the men are losing or have lost by their strike. "Miners to lose 68 million dollars in wages" was the way the recent coal strike was announced. During the automobile and steel strikes of a few years ago the public was furnished with frequent bulletins on just how much money had been lost by the strikers up to a given date.

This is news of a kind, and we would

have nothing to say against it, if the same papers would consider it just as newsworthy to total up the amount of wages lost to workers when they are thrown out of their jobs by the decision of employers to cut down on production. The headlines never read: "5,000 laid off by General Motors; Will Lose \$250,000 a Week."

Of course neither the figures on what men lose by striking, nor those on what they lose when they are laid off, are of any importance without the reasons behind either the strike or the lay-off. But by dramatizing strike losses and saying nothing about lay-off losses, the papers give the biased impression that the former are a foolish throwing away of money on the part of labor, while the latter are "acts of God" for which nobody is to be dramatized or blamed.

The blame for slack periods of employment and lay-offs, of course, lies deep in the economic system as it has been run for many years. It is due, as the Popes have said repeatedly, to the failure of employers to form voluntary industry councils, with representations of labor, the public, and the government joining them in planning a balanced economy that will serve the best interests of all. As long as employers want the economic system to hobble along on the crutches of the materialistic and fatalistic law of supply and demand, there will be booms and busts, depressions and inflation, and the need for headlines like the following: "10 million Unemployed Lose 500,000,000 Dollars a Week: Employers to Blame for not Planning Better System."

Advertising Democracy

You are apt to see, in many newspapers and magazines these days, cleverly designed advertisements aiming at the destruction of prejudice and

the increase of the spirit of brotherhood in America. These ads are sponsored and prepared by a group of national advertising agencies as a public service project, and are given free space by the publications that use them.

The current ad in the series is centered about this compelling theme:

"Here are three ways each of us can help to keep the United States united:

1. ACCEPT OR REJECT people on their individual worth.

2. DON'T LISTEN TO or spread rumors against a race, a religion, or a class.

3. SPEAK UP, wherever we are, against prejudice, and work for understanding.

Remember, that's being an American."

Everybody will recognize at a glance how worthwhile this campaign is. The first suggestion, "accept or reject people on their individual worth," would eliminate such discriminatory practices as preventing Negroes and Jews from occupying homes in certain areas because they are Negroes or Jews; making rules for national organizations such as the American Bowling Congress, proscribing Negroes from membership; keeping Negroes out of labor unions, churches or schools.

The second suggestion, "don't listen to, or spread, rumors against a race, a religion or a class," would destroy the causes of most of the discrimination already practiced. Obviously, if someone listens to the rumor that Catholics want to put the Pope in the White House, or that all Negroes are immoral, or that all union leaders are racketeers, he will discriminate against any individual of these classes of Americans.

The third suggestion, "speak up, wherever we are, against prejudice, and work for understanding," should be put

into practice by directors of corporations at board meetings, by members of unions at discussion of membership requirements, at faculty meetings of schools and universities, and, above all, in friendly gatherings in drawing rooms, pullman lounges, resorts and eating places.

The suggestions would have much more force, of course, if only the advertisements could add the fact that they are really an essential part of the law of God, and that all who disobey them will be punished, possibly forever.

Profanity

Major General E. N. Harmon, commander of the 2nd Armored Division during the last war, in his third article in the *Saturday Evening Post* on the famous battles of the war, says that the situation during the battle of the Bulge was very grave because German parachutists in American uniforms were scattered in force amongst the American soldiers. But, he adds, they were not very successful for the simple reason that their fluent English was not slangy or profane enough to deceive Brooklynites and Kansans. When he himself was stopped by a stubborn outpost sentry on one occasion because he did not know the countersign, he got by on the score of the authenticity of his cussing. "My cuss words had an authentic American ring," he says.

There is a certain humor in General Harmon's words. At the same time there is a certain sadness in them. Taking God's name in vain is not the greatest sin that can be committed—in fact, it is generally a venial sin, deserving of the prison of purgatory if one dies with such a sin on the soul. Nevertheless, it is tragic that a nation has to defend itself, or escape from a difficult situation through the expedient of the misuse of the holy name. It is

The Liguorian

hypocrisy to call upon God for help in one moment and then in the next moment to use His name as one might use a football, kicking it about as though it were not worthy of the slightest consideration.

The misfortune of the General's humor consists in this, that it shows an absolute lack of understanding as to the meaning of sin. The great saints of the past, many of whom were almost infinitely more brilliant in talent than the American general, had so great a horror of even the tiniest deliberate sin that they evinced a willingness to give up their lives rather than commit it. St. Augustine said that if one could remove all the sickness from the earth and empty the cauldron of hell by the free commission of one venial sin, one would not be allowed to commit it.

General Harmon would undoubtedly reprimand very sharply any soldier who

would neglect to salute him. And if the soldier actually showed him disrespect, the whole book of Army Regulations would be thrown at him. His purgatory would be the stockade. It is easy for General Harmon to understand why rank must be given its due. But it is not so easy for him to understand that God must be given His due too. Let everybody in uniform come smartly to attention and cease breathing when an officer approaches. But let everybody be as profane and disrespectful as he wants to when God approaches.

The General made the remark about profanity in a joking way because the General does not have the slightest idea about the meaning of sin. One would imagine that such a General would fit much better into an army of Nazis or Communists than in an army of Christians. They do say that America is a Christian nation, don't they?

Protection

In the picture of Our Mother of Perpetual Help the Infant Jesus is in His Mother's arms, a look of fear on His face and one sandal dangling by a single lace from His foot. A priest was explaining the reason of the dangling sandal to a group of first grade children not so long ago. He said that the little Boy was playing in the back yard one morning when all of a sudden an angel appeared before Him with a big black cross. "What do you think He did? Where did He go?" he asked. There was no answer forthcoming from the children. So he turned to one little boy about the size of a baseball bat and asked point-blank: "Suppose a big man came to you all of a sudden and showed you a big black cross and told you that he intended to hang you on it by your hands. Where would you go, especially if your mother was getting dinner in the kitchen only a few steps away?" The priest expected the child to say, of course, that he would run in to his mother. With that answer he could make the proper application—go to the Mother of God in all your troubles. But the child fooled him. Without waiting a second he came back with the answer: "I'd go to the cops." The priest had to revise his application.



Liguoriana



EXCERPTS FROM THE WRITINGS OF ST. ALPHONSUS

Selected and Edited by J. Schaefer

HISTORY OF HERESIES

Chapter XIV. Heresies of the 16th Century

3. *The English Schism (Cont.):*

When Pope Paul III, the successor of Clement VII, was informed of these injustices and murders of Henry, he declared Henry excluded from the communion with the Church, and liable to other ecclesiastical penalties. The publication of the sentence, however, was deferred because of a ray of hope held out for the king's amendment. Meanwhile, Henry, in his capacity as head of the Church, had a visitation made of all the monasteries of the kingdom by a certain Lee, a professor of civil law. He ruled that all religious who had spent less than 24 years in the convent should return to the world, and that those who had spent more were free to leave the convent if they wished. Under this ruling more than ten thousand religious abandoned their convents.

It was during this time that the good Queen Catherine died, after giving a beautiful example of patience, and to the end, attempting to soften the heart of the king. A short time afterward, Anne Boleyn fell under the stroke of divine vengeance for all the iniquities which she had committed. Henry's love for her had grown cold, and he had conceived a passion for Jane Seymour, a maid of honor to the Queen. Anne, however, having become pregnant, hoped to regain Henry's favor by presenting him with a son. But, when she suffered a miscarriage, Anne lost all hope and all sense of shame. She abandoned herself to her own brother, George Moleyn, and to a number of

gentlemen of the court. Her adultery was so open that it was soon discovered.

Henry, spurred on by his ardent desire to marry Jane Seymour, was quick to act on the evidence placed before him. He had Anne committed to the Tower of London; his marriage to Anne was declared null and void, and the unfortunate woman was condemned to be burned to death. All her pleas for favor and mercy won from Henry only a different form of execution, that of decapitation. On the day of the execution, when the executioner, wishing to comfort Anne, explained that the knife was very sharp and that, therefore, there would be little pain, she exclaimed: "And my neck is very tender." On the following day Henry married Jane Seymour.

On June 7, 1536, Henry convoked Parliament, and revoked his decree in favor of Elizabeth, the daughter of Anne Boleyn, and to the prejudice of Mary, daughter of Queen Catherine. He determined the form of religion which should be followed in England and decreed that the following "Six Articles" were to be observed:

- 1) That the transubstantiation of bread into the Body of Jesus Christ in the Eucharist must be admitted;
- 2) That Communion must be received only under one species;
- 3) That the celibacy of the clergy must be maintained;
- 4) That the vow of chastity, once taken, must be preserved;
- 5) That the celebration of Mass is

conformable to the divine law, and that private Masses are not only useful, but even necessary;

- 6) That auricular confession must necessarily be maintained.

These articles were decreed by the King, the parliament and the assembled people, and anyone who should hold to the contrary would incur the punishment meted out to heretics. The supremacy of the king was also maintained and in virtue of this Henry established Cromwell as his vicar general in all spiritual causes. And though he was but a layman, he was designated to preside over all the synods of the Bishops.

Informed of these new acts of impiety and other acts of sacrilege, Pope Paul III decreed that the sentence, passed previously against Henry, should be made public. But the publication of the sentence was again suspended because of the sad death of Jane Seymour, the new wife of Henry. The unfortunate Queen had become pregnant, but while suffering the pains of childbirth, she declared that she could not bring her child into the world. Fearing for the life of the child Henry ordered that the mother should be operated upon, exclaiming that he could always find other women, but that he was not sure of having other children if this one should die. Thus was Edward brought into the world: as king, he was to become responsible for the ruin of his country, for it was under his rule, as we shall see, that the whole of England became infected by all manner of heresies. Edward, I say, came into the world, but the unfortunate Jane, weakened by the operation, succumbed to its pains.

After the death of Jane, Henry thought of a fourth marriage. Pope Paul III, however, seized the opportunity to try to bring Henry to his

senses. Both he and his legate, Cardinal Reginald Pole, however, were once more rebuffed by the king. In this state of affairs, Cromwell, the royal match-maker, in an effort to obtain a wife for Henry, and at the same time to make him a Lutheran, as he himself was, proposed to the king Anne of Cleves, the sister of the Duke of Cleves, of one of the most illustrious families of Germany. Her parents were at the head of the League of Smalkald, into which Henry desired to be admitted. He, therefore, consented to the marriage, hoping thus to remove any obstacle to his admission. The marriage was celebrated on Jan. 3, 1540.

Henry was at first very satisfied with his new wife. But, after seven months of marriage, faithful to precedent, his love cooled; he became enamored of Catherine Howard, a maid of honor in the queen's court, and sought a pretext to rid himself of the new queen. The occasion soon presented itself. The leaders of the League of Smalkald sent agents to London to enter into an alliance with Henry. But, as the king's affection for Anne had diminished, so did his desire to enter the League. Cromwell, however, overestimating his power with the king, determined to force England into the League, and even went so far as to place his signature on the projected alliance. For this high-handed action, Cromwell was deposed from office, condemned to death without benefit of defense, and decapitated. Anne of Cleves was now given the choice of alternatives by Henry: either to be condemned to death as a Lutheran, or to consent to a divorce. She chose the latter and returned to Germany; whereupon, Thomas Cranmer, the habitual instrument for the annulment of the royal marriages, was called upon once more to perform his office.

The Liguorian

Eight days later, Henry espoused Catherine Howard. Her reign as Queen of England, however, was short-lived. Henry soon learned of her promiscuous life before their marriage, insisted that this constituted infidelity, and had her put to death. Catherine Parr, the sister of the Count of Essex, became Henry's next and last wife—she was to enjoy the enviable privilege among Henry's wives of outliving her husband.

Finally the moment of death arrived for Henry VIII, and with it the end of his crimes. He had reached the age of 57 years and had become so corpulent that it was only with difficulty that he could pass through doorways, and to mount stairs he had to be carried on the arms of his servants. Aside from physical infirmities, he was afflicted with extreme melancholy and was the victim of violent remorse of conscience. An attack of erysipelas accompanied by a severe fever notified Henry that the end was near. Accordingly he called his counsellors to his bedside in a last effort to straighten out the affairs of state.

In his testament he made Edward,

then only 9 years of age, the heir of his kingdoms, assigned tutors and caretakers for him, and ordered that he was to be raised in the Catholic religion, maintaining, however, his ecclesiastical supremacy, which he transmitted to Edward. In the event of Edward's death, the princess Mary, daughter of Catherine of Aragon, and Elizabeth, daughter of Anne Boleyn, were to succeed to the throne in that order. Henry had several masses said in his presence, and even received Viaticum. By such external actions Henry wished to calm the cruel anguish with which he was afflicted; but they were not sufficient to recover divine grace and to restore the peace which he had lost. Seeing that death was approaching, he asked for a religious to assist him. But, how could one be found, since he had driven all from the kingdom? Finally, speaking in a loud voice to those about the bedside, he exclaimed: "Now it is finished, and all is lost for me!" and expired. It was Feb. 1, 1547, and Henry had reigned for 38 years as king of England.

Where The Money Goes

From the *Survey Bulletin* comes this summary of what the average American spent in 1948:

21.9% of his income for groceries
12.4% direct taxes
8.5% apparel
8.1% housing
4.4% alcohol
4 % medicine and burial
3.6% meals
3.2% insurance
3.1% auto
3.1% household
2.3% tobacco
2. % gas and oil
2. % public transportation

1.7% fuel
1.7% recreation
1. % toys
.9% fires
.9% papers
.8% religion and welfare
.7% telephone
.7% tableware and utensils
.7% radio
.7% movies
.7% jewelry
.6% cosmetics
.6% private education



Conducted by T. Tobin

CATHOLIC AUTHOR OF THE MONTH

Edward Doherty 1890-

I. Life:

Eddie, the oldest of the famed Doherty brothers, was born in Chicago, on October 30th, 1890. His parents were Police-Lieutenant Edward and Ellen Rodgers Doherty. Eddie's life has been one of exciting and varied activity. After graduating from St. Viator's parochial school in Chicago, he entered the Servite Seminary at Granville, Wisconsin. Two years of preparation for the priesthood convinced him that his vocation was not the priesthood. Eddie then entered business school for one year, but quickly turned to the great love of his life, journalism. He secured a job as copy boy for the Chicago News Service. Most of his life has been spent in some sort of journalistic work. While with the *Chicago Tribune* he helped start the Tribune school of journalism for its own writers. In 1914 Eddie married his childhood sweetheart, Marie Ryan. Embittered by her death in the influenza epidemic of 1918, Eddie gave up the practice of his faith. He married Mildred Frisby in 1919. His second wife met with a tragic death resulting from a fall in 1939. When sent to interview Father Charles Coughlin, Eddie promised to attend Sunday Mass in return for the interview. It was his patron Saint, Blessed Martin De Porres, who completed Eddie's return to the practice of the faith. Eddie married the Russian Baroness Catherine De Hueck in 1943. The Baroness and Eddie now live at Combermere, On-

tario, the training center of workers for the Friendship Houses.

II. Writings:

As a young \$6.00 a week copy boy, Doherty was told by an experienced newspaperman to write human interest stories. He has followed that advice in his articles and books. Feature articles were his specialties in his newspaper work. Hollywood called on him to author the script of the movie about the five Sullivan boys who were lost at sea. For fifteen years Eddie wrote articles for the old *Liberty* magazine. It was an assignment for this magazine that introduced him to his favorite Saint, Blessed Martin de Porres.

Gall and Honey is the interesting story of his life. *The Spondor of Sorrow* is a book of reflections on the Seven Dolors. *The Pied Piper of Peru* and *Martin* tell the story of the colored lay brother.

III. The Book:

One of the latest books of Eddie Doherty is the story of his wife, Baroness De Hueck. Eddie calls her *God's Tumbleweed*, who goes about the world scattering the goodness of God wherever she goes. She is the foundress of that great act of inter-racial charity, Friendship House. The minor cord uniting the narration is the theme of Doherty's repeated proposals of marriage to the Baroness which she was unable to accept for some time because of her work. *God's Tumbleweed* is the love story of Eddie and Catherine.

MAY BOOK REVIEWS

The Passion of Christ

The Weakness of God. By Luke O'Donnell, O.S.B. 119 pages. Milwaukee: Bruce, \$1.75.

It is a truism among spiritual writers that there can be no effective sorrow for sin nor lasting spirit of penance without a deep devotion to the Passion of Jesus Christ. That is why there can never be too many books available as background or descriptive or meditative material on the sufferings the Son of God endured to atone for sin and to prevent sin. The work at hand is an authentic description of the events that took place from the time of the Last Supper up to the last gasp of the Saviour on the cross. The literary style is excellent; the archeological details make the pictures clear and understandable, and the theology is made an integral part of the fascinating narrative. For making meditation during the Way of the Cross, or on the sorrowful mysteries of the rosary, or at any time on the story of redemption, this book provides good basic material.

Mother Seton

Heart in Pilgrimage. By Evelyn Eaton and Edward Roberts Moore. 273 pp. New York: Harper and Brothers. \$2.75.

Mother Seton is one of the Catholic heroines of the United States. She was the daughter of a New York physician and married into one of the wealthiest families in New York. Left a widow and with the necessity of supporting her five children, Mrs. Seton still found time and energy to assist the poor. Under the guidance of a friend of her husband, Mrs. Seton entered the Catholic Church. Then she established the American congregation of the Sisters of Charity. Mother Seton was famed for her organizational ability and her love for the poor. Despite the cares of her growing congregation, she never forgot her love and duties as a mother.

Many biographies have been published about Mother Seton. The present life is cast in the form of a novel. The main facts of the

life are true to the historical record, while the invented details are true to the spirit of this noble woman. The authors note the more important additions to the facts in her life. The authors are well qualified to write the life of Mother Seton. Mrs. Eaton is a successful novelist, and, although an Episcopalian, is very sympathetic in her presentation of the Catholic life of Mother Seton. Monsignor Edward Roberts Moore is a distinguished Catholic scholar and the pastor of St. Peter's Church in New York. It was in this parish that Mrs. Seton spent several years of her life. *Heart in Pilgrimage* is a very readable narrative of the story of this remarkable American woman.

Rule of St. Benedict

St. Benedict's Rule for Monasteries. Translated by Leonard J. Doyle, 92 pp. Collegeville: St. John's Abbey Press. \$2.00.

The Spirit of St. Benedict. By Basil N. Aldridge, 57 pp. Collegeville: St. John's Abbey Press. \$.65. Paper cover.

Two oblate members of the Order of St. Benedict are the authors of these two books on Benedictinism. The first work is a literal translation of the original Latin text of the famed rule. The commentary on the rule by Mr. Aldridge emphasizes the fact that the Catholic in the world can follow the spirit and often the letter of the rule of the great "Lawgiver of the West." Certain passages are shown to have direct applications to modern life. It is commendable to see these works appear in print. It is indicative of the intensified lay action in the Church.

For Children 3 to 6

Jesus Shows Me the Way. By Rev. George Dennerle and Sr. Mary Magdala, S.N.D. 26 pp. Milwaukee: Bruce Publishing Co. \$1.50.

This is a picture book for young children. On one side of the book is a picture showing an episode from the child life of Christ, and on the other a picture of the life of an American child. A verse points the moral of both

The Liguorian

pictures. The pictures are done in color and the book is worthwhile for the young Catholic boy or girl. Both authors have had considerable experience in teaching the young.

A Texas Novel

Shepherd of the Valley. By Evelyn Voss Wise. 221 pp. Milwaukee: Bruce Publishing Co. \$2.75.

The author of the popular *Light of the Stars* has written another Catholic novel. Mrs. Wise tells the story of Father Eugenio the Oblate Priest, who labored in the small town of San Felipe on the Rio Grande River in the early part of the twentieth century. Some 40 years of his life and labors are covered in the novel. Father Eugenio worked with all his energy for the salvation of his Mexican flock. One of the most pleasant characters in the book is his housekeeper, Rosa. She moved in with her children the day that the Padre arrived. Rosa was a "wet-back," who appeared from time to time with another abandoned Mexican child whom she adopted. Two of her children figure very importantly in the story. *Shepherd of the Valley* is pleasant Catholic reading. It is not a great Catholic novel, but it is a good one, above the level of much that is published in this field today.

New Edition of The Bible

The Holy Bible. New Catholic Edition. 1460 pp. New York: The Catholic Book Publishing Co. \$3.60 to \$60.00.

Much new interest has been developed in the perennial best seller by the new translations. The new versions by Monsignor Knox, and by the American scholars who have made the translation for the Confraternity of Christian Doctrine, are the two most popular editions.

This present volume contains some of the new and some of the old translation. The Old Testament is the Douay version with corrections of obsolete words, and the

substitution of modern spellings in place of archaic forms. The Psalms are a new translation from the new Latin edition of the vulgate made under the direction of Pope Pius XII. The New Testament has been taken over bodily from the Confraternity edition.

Some attractive features are found: large and readable type, the grouping of verses into logical paragraphs, and historical introductions to the books. This new edition is recommended to all.

Irish Communism

Communism and Ireland. By Sean P. Mac Eoin. 132 pp. Paper cover. Cork: Mercier Press. 3/6d.

With the attention of Americans focused on the activities of the Communists in the United States and the spread of the Iron Curtain in Europe, it is interesting to read this first hand account of Communism in Ireland. In the twenty six counties the Communist Party is forbidden by law, but Communism is present despite the law. The present booklet was written to prove to doubting men and women that the red evil exists, even in Catholic Ireland. The left wing of I.R.A. teaches and lives by the communist code. The propaganda tries to speak of the glories of a workers' state in Ireland. Even some of the national heroes are portrayed as men who fought rather for the nationalist idea than for the religious freedom of Ireland. The opening chapters furnish a brief resume of the basic doctrines and practices of the Communists. The last chapter on our Lady and Communism is excellent. It points out the striking coincidence of dates of the apparitions of our Lady and the history of Communism. The book ends on a note of hope that Our Lady of Fatima will save Ireland from the perils of Communism. The Mercier Press is to be congratulated on the high quality of the books it has published in the few years of its existence.

The Liguorian

BEST SELLERS

A Moral Evaluation of Current Books, Published at the
University of Scranton, Scranton, Pennsylvania

I. Suitable for any reader:

Throne of the World—*de Wohl*
The Great Books—*Gardiner*
God's Underground—
John England, American Christopher
—*Grant*
19 Stories—*Greene*
Elizabeth, Captive Princess—*Irwin*
Dinner at Antoine's—*Keyes*
Information Please Almanac—*Kieran*
The Old Testament—*Knox*
The Meek Shall Inherit—*Kossak*
The Lion Tamer—*MacMahon*
The Tides of Dawn—*Mally*
Point of No Return—*Marquand*
Versus—*Nash*
The Greatest Story Ever Told—
Oursler
The Happy Grotto—*Oursler*
What is Man?—*Ramuz*
Americans from Japan—*Smith*
Coral and Brass—*Smith*
Three Roads to Valhalla—*Stewart*
Agnes Repplier: Lady of Letters—
Stokes
Smile Please—*Topp*
The Secret Thread—*Vance*
Transformation in Christ—*von Hil-*
debrand
Ye Gods—*Willock*
Shepherd of the Valley—*Wise*

II. Suitable for adults:

A. *Because style and contents are too advanced for adolescents:*
The Universe and Dr. Einstein—
Barnett
Storm Against the Wall—*Cook*
Russia's Race for Asia—*Creel*
Caste and Class in a Southern Town
—*Dollard*
The Road to Reason—*du Nouy*
The Web of Evil—*Emerick*
Return to Vienna—*Lothar*
The Man Who Invented Sin—
O'Faolain

The Whole of Their Lives—*Gillow*
Eastwick U.S.A.—*Hush*
American Arbitration—*Kellor*
All Our Years—*Lovett*
Plunder—*Adams*
What the People Want—*Arnall*
My Uncle Jan—*Auslander*
Patrick Calls Me Mother—*Barley*
Abram Son of Terah—*Bauer*
Lace Curtain—*Berlin*
The Gathering Storm—*Churchill*
High Towers—*Costain*

B. *Because of immoral incidents which do not invalidate the book as a whole:*

The Jacaranda Tree—*Bates*
The Heat of the Day—*Bowen*
No Place to Hide—*Bradley*
Shake Well Before Using—*Cerf*
Mary Wakefield—*De La Roche*
The Grand Design—*Dos Passos*
Double Muscadine—*Gaither*
Wine of Satan—*Gay*
Cheaper by the Dozen—*Gilbreth*
Hound-dog Man—*Gipson*
The Moon is Mine—*Goertz*
Elephant and Castle—*Hutchinson*
The Penal Colony—*Kafka*
Spring Is Not Gentle—*Kirkbride*
Southern Cross—*Knight*
To Hell and Back—*Murphy*
The Norwayman—*O'Connor*
Tomorrow Will Be Better—*Smith*
There is No Armour—*Spring*
Kissing Kin—*Thane*
The Shining Mountains—*Van Every*
Sweet and Sour—*Wechsberg*
The Dukays—*Zilhay*

III. Unsuitable for any reader:

An Act of Love—*Wolfert*
The Freebooters—*Wernick*
Ceremony of Innocence—*Webster*
The Wastrel—*Wakeman*
Castle in the Swamp—*Marshall*
Thieve's Market—*Bezerdies*



Lucid Intervals

Three girls who hadn't seen each other for years met one day and began recalling old times.

"Do you remember the red-headed boy who lived around the corner from you?" asked one.

"I'll say I do. He proposed to me and when I turned him down he threatened to do something dreadful. Wonder what happened to him?"

"He happens to be my husband," was the snappish answer.

On entering the house, my little son said that he had just seen a television program at a neighbor's house. "Oh, Junior," I scolded, "you shouldn't go to anyone's house unless you're invited!"

"But I was invited, Mommy," he replied. "I walked up to the house, knocked on the door and someone said: 'Come in!'"

A contractor went out to inspect one of his postwar housing projects. Walking up to a house on which a carpenter was doing some inside work, he whispered: "Can you hear me?"

"Sure, I can," answered the carpenter.

"Can you see me?"

"Not very well."

"That said the contractor contentedly, "is what I call a good postwar wall."

"Co-operation is the foundation of successful marriage," Pop said solemnly. "You must do things together. For instance, if your wife wants to go for a walk, go for a walk with her. If she wants to go to the movies, go to the movies with her. If she wants to do the dishes, do the dishes with her."

The son listened dutifully, then asked, "Suppose she wants to mop the floor?"

An efficiency expert went in to see the boss about his vacation. He came out with a hangdog expression on his face.

Asked what was wrong, he replied:

"I only get one week. The boss says I'm so efficient I can have as much fun in one week as other people have in two."

Wife (trying on hats): Do you like this turned down, dear?

Hubby: How much is it?

Wife: Twenty-five dollars.

Hubby: Yes, turned down.

The preacher, making his round of calls Sunday afternoon, stopped at the home of one of his members. Junior answered the door bell. "Pa ain't home," he advised the minister. "He went over to the golf club."

The minister's brow darkened.

"Oh, he ain't playing golf, not on Sunday. He just went over for a few high balls and a little stud poker."

"Thank Heaven, that misery's over!"

"What misery, pal?"

"Dancing with the hostess. Have you been through it yet?"

"Don't have to; I'm the host."

The famous artist was painting in the mountains and wanted a live subject for one of his sketches.

"I'll give you five dollars," said he to a languid native, "if you will let me paint you."

The mountainer girl's eyes gleamed but she said nothing for a moment or two.

"That's easy money, stranger, Ah'll haff to admit. I was just wonderin' how I'd get th' paint off aft'wards."

WHAT READERS DO

If you are a reader of The Liguorian, you are proving to us that it pays to publish a magazine that has no other end than that of instructing, entertaining, and inspiring its readers.

If you are a reader of The Liguorian, you are thereby adding strength to the hands and courage to the hearts of its editors, who have vast dreams of reaching farther and farther into the dark corners of the earth with rays from the light of truth.

If you not only read The Liguorian, but speak of it and spread it among others, you will speed the day when it can add a children's supplement to its present content, and many other new services to all its readers.

If you are a reader of The Liguorian, don't let your subscription lapse; renew promptly at the first notice of expiration; pass your copies on to others, and give or sell a subscription to somebody else.

The Liguorian will not be static. It will grow with its readers.
